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OCTOBER 1950

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EXPLORING THE Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

INSECTIONAUT is the name which is now given to a person who builds fly-powered airplane models. Tiny microfilm and balsa wood planes are made, then one or more flies are attached to the plane to serve as motors. Other insects can be used; a sphinx moth can handle a plane with ten- to twelve-inch span.

THE natural vegetation of Korea is forest, mainly pine mixed with oak, walnut in the south, and pine, spruce, and other conifers, as well as birch in the north. Though forests would normally cover seventy percent of the surface, reckless tree felling and neglect now leaves the mountains of central and much of southern Korea bare. Between eighty and eighty-five percent of the inhabitants are engaged in farming, especially of rice, which is the staple food. Fishing is also important; and though the harbors on the west and south coasts are excellent, the tides may vary as much as thirty-three feet.

THE poison of the black widow spider is twenty times as poisonous as the venom of the rattlesnake for an equal amount of dry weight. Professor R. V. Chamberlain and Wilton Ivie have pointed out that the male (two-fifths the size of the female) does not develop the characteristic orange hourglass. The spider makes from four to nine cocoons during a season with 200 to 900 eggs each, laid at night. In the two or three months necessary to reach maturity, the spider molts its skin about nine times.

THE Muir Glacier of Alaska in Glacier Bay National Monument carries as much ice as the whole 1100 glaciers that distinguish the Alps of Switzerland, according to S. Hall Young.

THE Pueblo Indians have an ancient type of corn that can be planted a foot deep to be near moisture in the ground which is dry on the top, as in semiarid New Mexico and Arizona. Ordinary varieties which are usually

(Concluded on page 833)

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SAPANEIS CUCH

By JAMES E. BACON

PRESIDENT OF THE UINTAH INDIAN MISSION



Sapaneis Cuch, right, and son Russell, left.

THE birthplace of Sapaneis Cuch was near Denver, Colorado, long enough ago that he met Brigham Young and the Pioneers when they reached Fort Bridger. Sapaneis was merely a boy at the time, and the Pioneers gave him a house cat for a pet, the first the young Indian had ever seen. Sapaneis was always proud of this cat and often told his children and grandchildren about it. His sorrow knew no bounds when he lost his pet as he forded the Green River on horseback.

Sapaneis was known as the "Old Head Man" of the White River band of Utes, since he came from prominent families on both his father's and mother's sides. His mother was of the same family as Chief Ouray. As a young boy, Sapaneis chased the stampeding buffalo herds and shot them with his bow and arrows. On one of the chases, the Utes ran into a tribe of Arapaho Indians who were hostile to them. The rare persuasive ability of Sapaneis and his brothers resulted in peace between the tribes. The two groups joined in dressing the buffalo and preparing it for a series of great feasts held in the camps and villages of the Arapahos. Sapaneis was always justifiably proud of this peaceful settlement.

Before President Abraham Lincoln created the Uintah Basin Reservation, Sapaneis Cuch with others of his band had come into the area. After white men had obtained permission to take some of the land, Sapaneis was angered. In protest, he and many of his tribesmen left in mass protest against this action. For four years they wandered homeless through the Dakotas and Wyoming. At last they returned to their home in the Uintah Basin where his allotment of land was made, south of the settlement at Tridell. The old enmity has passed away between the whites of Tridell and Sapaneis Cuch's family; in fact, the Cuches intermingle with the white settlers among whom they have made many fast friends.

Sapaneis has always been a judge in the Indian tribe; until the day of his death he settled differences and problems arising among his people. The government recognized his sterling qualities and appointed him a policeman at White-rocks for many years, and it was in this capacity that he lost an eye, in taking a man who resisted him. For a number of years he also served on the Indian tribal business committee, on which committee a son of his now serves.

Three times he went to Washington to plead for his people. He became closely associated with Tillman D. Johnson, United States District Judge, and John S. Boyden, United States District Attorney, more recently appointed director of Indian affairs.

Sapaneis Cuch chose for his wife
(Concluded on page 841)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

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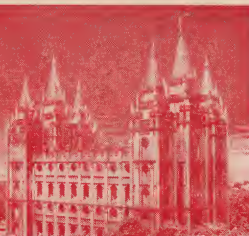
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"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"



VOLUME 53 NUMBER 10 October 1950

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The Editor's Page

Preservation and Repentance George Albert Smith 773

Church Features

Evidences and Reconciliations: CXLVII—Who Is President of the "Twelve"?	John A. Widtsoc	774
I Am Brought Forth to Meet You	LaPrael Wight	781
Church Welfare in Action in Minidoka	Oran Whittaker	785
Priceless—Genealogy	Ivie Huish Jones	787
Lehi in the Desert—Conclusion	Hugh Nibley	804
Three Appointed to the General Board	Brigham Young Said	802
The Church Moves On	Melchizedek	834
Genealogy	No-Liquor-Tobacco Column	834
Missionary Work at Home. Albert L. Zobell, Jr.	Presiding Bishopric's Page	836

Special Features

Brigham Young University in Retrospect	Russell B. Swensen	776
Karl G. Maeser	Alma P. Burton	779
Brigham Young University Faces the Future	Wayne B. Hales	782
Are You a Family Nighter?	Florence Biorgie	788
Iran: Pathway of the Middle East	George Stewart	790
Liberty—Through the Gospel of Jesus Christ	Floyd G. Eyre	803
Adventure Into the Substance of Prayer and Inspiration	Frank S. Wise	794
A Missionary's Faith	Rudolph W. Van Norden	799
The Spoken Word from Temple Square	Richard L. Evans	812, 844, 848, 852
Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr.	Today's Family	Burl Shepherd
Sapanais Cuch, James E. Bacon	Shall We Use Condiments?	816
These Times, The Korean War, G. Homer Durham	Blueprint for Beauty:	
Am I My Brother's Keeper? Bruce S. Jenkins	What Is Good Grooming?	817
On the Bookrack	Paint Tricks, Louise Price Bell	818
	New Notes in Seasoning	821
	Handy Hints	822
	Your Page and Ours	856

Stories, Poetry

Echoes from the Past	J. S. Johnson as told to Evelyn Wooster Viner	793
Count Your Blessings	Joy Wilcox Johnson	796
The Goldfish Bowl	Lucaine Clark Fox	800
Plein Ann	Sadie H. Greenhalgh	808
Frontispiece, Beulah Huish Sadleir	The Purpled Years, Eva Willes	
Poetry Page	Wanggaard	812
Signature, Gilean Douglas	The Other Bread, Doris Dalky	
Fall Plowing, Manfred A. Carter	White	832
Small Boy Watching a Train, Marijane Morris	October Time, S. H. Dewhurst	840
	Beware, S. H. Dewhurst	843

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OF

The Church of
Jesus Christ
of Latter-day Saints

THE COVER

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Brigham Young University finds the campus one of beauty as well as utility. The cover is a photograph of the science building framed by graceful trees and is indicative of the peace that may be found in a setting of study and religion.

EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES

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SALT LAKE CITY

GENERAL Superintendent Elbert R. Curtis of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association has announced the appointment of George La Mont Richards, Lynn Hales, and Wallace F. Toronto, to the general board.

Elder Richards, at sixteen years of age, filled a short-term mission in the South while his father, Presiding Bishop LeGrand Richards, was serving as mission president. His mission to Great Britain where he served as president of the Liverpool District was interrupted by the outbreak of World War II, and he returned to the Southern States to finish his mission.

He volunteered for navy duty, leaving his university studies, and his first assignment was in the office of naval intelligence in San Francisco. He also served at the University of Colorado, attached to the U. S. Naval Japanese language school. At the midshipman school at Northwestern University he received officer rank and was assigned as staff member of the commander, Second Amphibious Group, Pacific Fleet.

He has served as a member of the Yale Ward Sunday School superintendency, of the University Ward bishopric, and at the time of this appointment was the superintendent of the Emigration Stake Y.M.M.I.A., which office he has held for two and one-half years.

He is married to Edna Fae Firmage Richards, and the couple have a son and a daughter.

Elder Richards is assigned to the Junior M Men committee.

Elder Hales has long been active in Church, scouting, and educational fields. He has served as a member of the North Davis (Utah) Stake Sunday School board and in the Emigration (Salt Lake City)

Ward Sunday School superintendency. He was also a scoutmaster and a member of the South Davis (Utah) Stake Y.M.M.I.A. superintendency. He has completed a two-year stake mission in the Bonneville (Salt Lake City) Stake.

A member of the executive board of the Salt Lake Council of Boy Scouts, Elder Hales has recently been appointed chairman of the leadership training committee. Under his direction, one of the largest Cub Packs in the United States was organized at the new Dilworth School in Salt Lake City, where he is principal.

He is active in Parent-Teacher Associations and in the Utah Education Association.

His wife is Eleanor Peterson Hales, and they are the parents of three sons and three daughters.

Elder Hales is assigned to the Scout committee of the general board.

WALLACE F. TORONTO, recently returned president of the Czechoslovakian Mission of the Church, is now a seminary instructor at East High School Seminary in Salt Lake City.

As a young man he was called on a mission to Germany. After laboring in that field for six months, he was assigned, with five other elders, to open the Czechoslovakian Mission. He returned to his home in Salt Lake City in 1931.

He was called to preside over the Czechoslovakian Mission in 1936, serving in that field until the outbreak of World War II in 1939. During the war he was engaged in defense work and was manager of the Salt Lake County Red Cross.

After the end of hostilities he was again called to preside over

(Concluded on page 830)



GEORGE LA MONT
RICHARDS

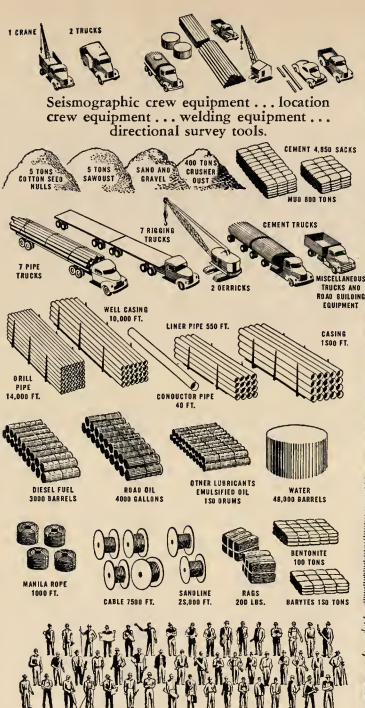


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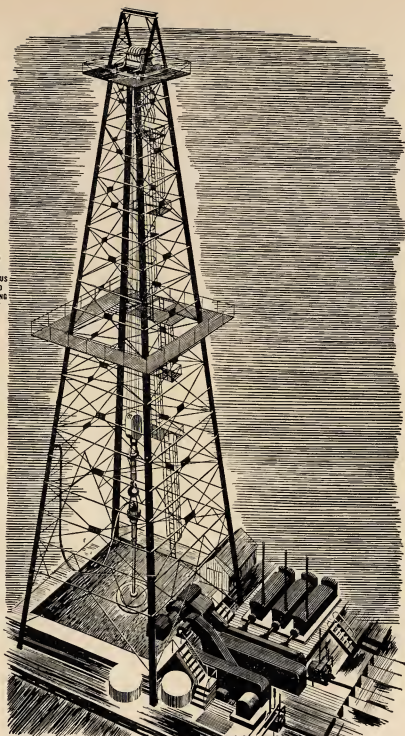


WALLACE F. TORONTO

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day To Day Chronology Of Church Events

June 1950

23 ELDER Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Wilmington, North Carolina, Branch chapel of the Central Atlantic States Mission.

25 ELDER Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the Roanoke, Virginia, Branch chapel of the Central Atlantic States Mission.

July 1950

2 VICTORVILLE WARD, San Bernardino (California) Stake, formed from the former branch, with C. Clark Conder as bishop.

19 ANNOUNCEMENT was made that air-conditioning equipment was being installed in the four main ordinance rooms of the Salt Lake Temple.

22 DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE of the Council of the Twelve returned to Salt Lake City from a six-weeks' tour of the Scandinavian countries where he participated in mission centennial celebrations. He also held a mission presidents' meeting while in Copenhagen.

23 ELDER Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve, as a personal representative of President George Albert Smith, dedicated the Pioneer Memorial Museum of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, at the head of Main Street, Salt Lake City.

24 PIONEER DAY, the 103rd anniversary of the arrival of the Saints in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, was appropriately marked in Utah and in areas wherever the Church has become established. In Salt Lake City the day's parade was led by President George Albert Smith.

25 MUTUAL conventions for the coming season began with general board members attending a convention in Star Valley (Wyoming) Stake.

26 THE Deseret Sunday School Union announced that the annual report for the year 1949 indicated a total enrolment of 515,049. The report also indicated that thirty-six percent of the reported Church membership in stakes, wards, and missions attend Sunday School each week.

30 PRESIDENT George Albert Smith and party left Salt Lake City for Hawaii to attend the centennial of the Hawaiian Mission.

August 1950

2 RELIEF SOCIETY conventions began with general board members attending a convention in the Lethbridge (Alberta) Stake. Conventions will continue until November 3.

It was announced that canned orange juice was being produced by the South Los Angeles Stake for the Church welfare program for the first time. Heretofore, oranges have been distributed whole.

4 PRESIDENT George Albert Smith and party sailed from Los Angeles for Honolulu and the mission centennial. Accompanying him was Elder Henry D. Moyle of the Council of the Twelve.

6 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the Clearfield Second Ward chapel-North Davis stake house.

8 PRESIDENT George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve died at the age of eighty-nine.

9 PRESIDENT George Albert Smith and party arrived in Honolulu. George La Mont Richards and Lynn Hales were appointed to the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

10 AMERICA'S WITNESS FOR CHRIST, the pageant presented annually by the missionaries of the Eastern States Mission at the Hill Cumorah, began. The performance was presented three nights.

The First Presidency announced the appointment of David I. Stoddard of Laguna Beach, California, as president of the California Mission to succeed President Oscar W. McConkie, who has served for four years. President Stoddard presided in the Northern States Mission from 1943 to 1946, and as a young man filled a mission to Europe.

11 FUNERAL services for President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve were held in the Salt Lake tabernacle. Interment was in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

Scandinavians began a three-day centennial celebration with the presentation of the pageant, *They Shall Go on Their Way, and None Shall Stay Them*, in the University of Utah stadium.

The appointment of Dr. LeRoy A. Wirthlin and Walter Dansie to the general Church welfare committee was announced by the First Presidency.

Dr. Franklin L. West, Church commissioner of education, announced the opening of new institutes of religion at Albion, Idaho; Reno, Nevada; and Price, Utah, for students matriculating at Southern Idaho College of Education, University of Nevada, and Carbon Junior College.

Division 9 of the Church athletic program began its two-day baseball playoff at Salt Lake City.

12 SOUTH DAVIS Stake's team won the Division 9 baseball tournament at Salt Lake City.

Scandinavian Church members took part in their centennial program at Liberty Park, Salt Lake City.

America's Witness for Christ had its closing 1950 performance at the Hill Cumorah, New York.

13 DON B. COLTON, director of the mission house, gave the "Church of the Air" address over the Columbia Broadcasting System. His subject was "The Price of Peace."

Elder Marlon G. Romney, assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the combination Arimo Ward chapel-Portneuf (Idaho) Stake house.

Scandinavian members of the Church closed their three-day centennial celebration with morning and afternoon religious services in the Salt Lake tabernacle.

Elder Joseph F. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve dedicated the chapel of the Woodruff, Utah, Ward, Woodruff Stake.

East Tod Branch, Tooele (Utah) Stake, formed from parts of Tod Branch, with George E. Vance as president.

West Tod Branch, Tooele (Utah) Stake, formed from parts of Tod Branch, with Alex A. Gillespie as president.

14 THE Salt Lake Temple opened for baptismal work only, after the usual summer vacation. Because of installation of air-conditioning equipment, the remainder of the temple will not be ready for use until sometime in September.

A statue of George Q. Cannon, "father of the Hawaiian Mission," was unveiled by his granddaughter, Betty Cannon Wilson, as part of the mission centennial in Honolulu.

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Our appreciation for the fine cooperation and assistance given by President Howard S. McDonald, Acting President Christen Jensen, Faculty members, and other administrative officials of the University.

Our appreciation to the Architect, Architect's Staff, Sub-contractors, material suppliers, and workmen, through whose collective efforts this building was constructed.

Our sincere thanks to the Church Authorities for selecting us as General Contractor in the erection of this magnificent structure.

Our best wishes to the Brigham Young University for continued success in carrying forward their high standards of Academic and Religious training.

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THE KOREAN WAR

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

*Head of Political Science Department,
University of Utah*

THE American public was informed on June 25, 1950 that some five prongs of an organized military attack had been undertaken by North Korean communist troops against South Korea, crossing the thirty-eighth parallel north latitude—the artificial and arbitrary line established as the boundary between "North" and "South" Korea. American military units were ordered to repel the invasion by President Harry S. Truman, and the Seventh Fleet was ordered to cover the operation as well as "insulate" Formosa to the south. On Tuesday, June 27, the Security Council of the United Nations met at Lake Success, New York, and with Russia absent from the Council (since January 1950), voted to recognize the American general Douglas MacArthur as the supreme commander of a United Nations' contingent; and also recognizing, in effect, the U.S. troops as the military arm of the UN, together with such additional forces as might be made available by members.



On Saturday, July 8, this writer drove down U.S. Highway 101 and watched the long lines of trucks and jeeps carry the U.S. Marines First Division from Camp Pendleton to San Diego, where they embarked for the conflict. The three-decker sandwich (with cole slaw) at a restaurant in Beverly Hills rose in price from ninety cents to one dollar. A trip to the Los Angeles Farmers' Market disclosed that menus and price lists, already high, were also being marked up approximately ten percent. Echoing the Los Angeles scene, quickly reacting to a Pacific war, the volume of retail sales rose quickly in the United States. The President called the reserves and national guard units into residence. Draft boards began to meet calls for men. A feeling of gloom mingled with grim determination, and not a little despair, settled over the land. By August 1, 1950 Associated Press dispatches reported 168 Ameri-

(Concluded on page 832)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



By
BEULAH
HUIH
SADLEIR

—Photograph by Josef Muench

CTOBER

THIS is October, as it stems between
Summer's reluctant, lingering loveliness,
And winter's approaching, unwanted inception.
The harvest is complete!
The festival of Ceres is abroad
In hearts of men.
Cellar and silo hold evidence of the season's exertion.
Life is good—and the acceptance of beauty
Stands sentimentally around us.
We would stay October's flight, knowing well
That her permanency would drain emotion,
Monotony take her place.
Universal law has proclaimed her a transient,
And as a shifting cloud she will find repose
Under winter's silvery benediction.

OCTOBER 1950





TO MY CHILD

By Gail Brook Burket

MY youth flew like a swallow's wings at dawn.
I did not see it go nor realize
Those fleeting years of joy were wholly gone
Because I saw the world through your young eyes.
I shared the warm enthusiastic glow
Of childhood and your first clear glimpse of God.
When school days came, I watched you proudly go
That shining hour of sun and goldenrod,
To find a world which grew apace each day.
I helped you build high castles in the air
And shared the hurts and triumphs on your way.
Although the years have silver-tinged my hair
And etched upon my face a tale well-told,
Your youth has kept my heart from growing old.

OVER THE VALLEY OF APPLES

By Elizabeth Crawford Yates

WHERE, day on shining day, a gold one climbs
To paint with blue, dark stairways of the night,
To glide the air, as he has, countless times.
Are nurtured apples, reddening in his light.
There, apples which may never make a sound,
Although they sense the coming of his tread,
Are warmly colored globes, enriched by ground,
Which make their gladness known, with no word said.
There, white wild water from a peak of snow
Is muted soon, and must in quiet pour,
No longer wild, must soon in silence go
Across the mountain valley's sunlit floor;
But, from the still white beauty of the peak,
One listening hears the centuries speak.

BEAUTIFUL BENEATH THE COTTONWOODS

By Georgia Rice Clark

THESE are the trees the early settlers knew,
the cottonwoods that grew along the streams—
a weary sight against the horizon's blue
to weary men and plodding, slow ox teams.
The faint young green of the cottonwood is sign
of spring; in summer, full-leaved trees enfold
the shy, wild prairie life which seeks this shrine,
till autumn flashes her new-minted gold.
Close by the stream, hidden in a welcome shade,
the summer tepee of the Indian stood;
henceforth the memory will never fade—
beautiful beneath the cottonwood.
The cottonwoods lift tall and green, while low
against their roots the precious waters flow.

REQUEST IN OCTOBER

By Elaine V. Emans

EXPECT us not to come and go with sober
Footsteps and speech and countenance
this brief
Bright interlude, for lovers of October
Drink to excess the look of flaming leaf
And purple hill and aster fringes curling.
And haze half sun and half an acrid smoke.
We must not miss the final birdsong
twirling
In sweetly sad leave-taking; we must soak
The spirit well within this goldenness.
So you, detain us shortly under roof,
And whisper not that work and duty
press
And if, within your eyes, we read reproof,
it scarcely can disturb or reprimand
Us, lost as men in some enchanted land.

TONIGHT

By John Nixon, Jr.

A moon-shaped bowl of white chrysanthemums
Will star its petals on the table. I
Shall watch its meditations and become
Wise as the flowers, shall discover why
The stars make music on a night like this—
Why, bowing to the platinum baton
The moon winds, they play trembling
harmonies
For me, a trembling audience of one.
Then I shall sleep the calm sleep of the sage,
Dreaming the white chrysanthemums to dust,
Erasing astral knowledge from the page
Of memory just written. Then I must
Wake to find the music happily
Remains a haunting, hallowed mystery.

AND BLUEBIRDS

By Mildred Goff

THESE autumn days are warm and lovely. I
Had not expected such delight as this.
The hills are bright with color, and the sky
Is blue and soft as ever summer's is.

I had expected wind, and blighting cold;
Not such full-scented, balmy days as these.
With oak and sycamore all yellow gold,
And bluebirds in the scarlet maple trees.

OF EARTH

By Alma Robison Higbee

NOT to feel the urgent question
Of dark pine boughs that whisper to the stars
Is to lose the essence of all beauty
And set all reason under iron bars.

Who has known the strange and sweet communion
With pulsing earth in one cool, star-spun hour
Has learned the answer to all human questioning
And opened the silken bud of wisdom's flower.

DO MOUNTAINS KNOW?

By Judy Lee Midgley
Young Writer

WHEN autumn fingers, crisp with frosted air,
Caress the trees and transform leaves to gold,
Do mountains feel the wafted breath?
Do they know the touch of autumn's cold?

Do mountains know the fury of a storm?
Can they know when lightning stabs their breasts?
And when soft clouds sob overhead,
Do mountains feel cool rain upon their crests?

When the golden cup of dawn o'erturns,
And clefts and peaks are captured in the flow,
When upstretched arms are gilded spires,
Do mountains know?

They stand alone, undaunted by the world.
Existing as cathedrals of the sod,
And mountains must know nature's wondrous things
Because they touch the loving hand of God.

ETERNAL

By Thelma Ireland

BEAUTY is ephemeral.
Sunrise glory is but brief,
And the sunset's splendor quickly
Hides behind horizon's reef.
Flower life is full but fleeting.
Snowflake diamonds dim too soon.
Brief, aurora borealis,
Brief, the flame of harvest moon!
Rainbows crown the earth with rare jewels;
Short-lived is this aureole.
But there's nothing really transient
That enriches someone's soul.

A VERY OLD LADY

By Helen Maring

THE beauty she once wore upon her face
Is somehow put away by time long gone.
Yet in her heart we know it holds its place,
And in our hearts her kindness lingers on.
Character is what her wrinkles say,
And goodness lived and cherished, day by day.
That which is old is never lost or done—
Beauty is of the heart; light, of the sun.

OCTOBER TWILIGHT

By Catherine E. Berry

WHEN twilight settles on the hills,
And street lamps, one by one,
Come out like fireflies in the night,
The last rays of the sun
Light up the tallest mountain peak
With flames of rose and gold,
And evening winds blow sharply down
With hint of winter's cold.

The mist that late October wears
Drifts down each little street,
And lays blue shadows on the line
Where sky and treetops meet;
All sounds seem sharply emphasized—
The closing of a gate,
The lonely barking of a dog,
The whistle of a freight.

The Editor's Page

By President George Albert Smith



Preservation And Repentance

*I*N the Doctrine and Covenants we find the Lord's warning of the condition of this world. We find there that the Saints were to inhabit this western land, and if they kept his commandments, this should be Zion unto them.

I will quote a few paragraphs from the Doctrine and Covenants to emphasize our responsibility, because sometimes we seem to think that because we are blessed of the Lord above all other people, we can with impunity do the things that we are tempted to do, even if they are not just right:

Therefore, verily, thus saith the Lord, let Zion rejoice, for this is Zion—the pure in heart; therefore, let Zion rejoice, while all the wicked shall mourn.

For behold, and lo, vengeance cometh speedily upon the ungodly as the whirlwind; and who shall escape it?

The Lord's scourge shall pass over by night and by day, and the report thereof shall vex all people; yea, it shall not be stayed until the Lord come;

For the indignation of the Lord is kindled against their abominations and all their wicked works.

Nevertheless, Zion shall escape . . .

I have thought many times, oh, what a comfortable thing it would be for us if that had been the end of that paragraph, but it is not. It reads in full as follows:

Nevertheless, Zion shall escape, *if she observe to do all things whatsoever I have commanded her.* (Italics author's.)

But if she observe not to do whatsoever I have commanded her, I will visit her according to all her

works, with sore affliction, with pestilence, with plague, with sword, with vengeance, with devouring fire. (D. & C. 97:21-26.)

We are living in a period of time when upheavals in the world are daily, almost momentary. Quite recently the most terrible war of all time occurred; and when that was finished, many people thought that would be the end of war. At present there is suspicion and jealousy among the nations of the earth, and fighting again on distant fronts, and "Men's hearts are failing them for fear."

Unless the men and women of this nation, and of all nations, turn unto the Lord and keep his commandments, they cannot hope to continue in his favor; and if his favor is removed from them, then the adversary will do his work.

These things have been predicted. We have been told that in the last days serious difficulties would arise, and before that time the gospel would be preached to the nations of the earth.

What is our difficulty? It is that men refuse to hear what the Lord has said. They refuse to pay attention to his wise counsel. They absolutely neglect to give credence to the things that he teaches us, and he will not be mocked. He gives us the advice and the counsel that we need, but he will not compel us. But if we refuse, we lose our opportunity, and it passes away from us, in many cases to return again no more forever.

There is no other remedy for the ills of this world but repentance, there is no pres-

(Concluded on following page)

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from preceding page)

ervation from the evils that will overtake mankind but on terms of righteousness. Unless men turn to the Lord, history will repeat itself and destruction overtake the wicked. You already know that and understand it—you, upon whose heads have been laid the hands of the servants of the Lord; upon whom has been bestowed the Holy Priesthood—you realize that God will not be mocked and that it is our duty as men of Israel to go in love and in kindness and with charity to all men and share with them this glorious message that has

been given to us in this latter day.

The holy scriptures are filled with the teachings of a kind and merciful Father, and today there are hundreds of the elders of this Church going to and fro in the world, pleading for a hearing, that they may be able to point out the pathway of life and salvation.

This is our Father's work. The gospel of Jesus Christ has been restored to the earth for the last time. It will never be taken away or given to another people, and upon us devolves the responsibility and obligation so to live that wherever we go, or whatever we do, our

light will shine in such a way that others, observing our upright lives, will be constrained to seek after the Redeemer of mankind, and to become identified with his Church, in preparation to living with him eternally.

That the Lord will strengthen our hands; that our voices may be made powerful in truth; that the Holy Ghost may remain with the elders of this Church to inspire them to greater effort, that to the very ends of the earth all men may have an opportunity to know that this is God's work, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

CXLVII

THE members of the Council of the Twelve are of equal priesthood authority. Yet when they meet in their deliberations one is called to act as chairman or President.

Since these men are of equal priesthood authority, it might be thought that any one of them might be called to the presidential office. Under the practice of the Church, based upon the latter-day revelations of the Lord, this is not done. Instead, the senior member of the council, that is, the one who has held the apostleship longest, is appointed and sustained as the President of the Council of the Twelve Apostles.

The members of the first apostolic quorum in this day, all called at the same time, were arranged according to their ages. Elder Thomas B. Marsh became the senior member and President of the Council, but apostatized and was excommunicated from the Church.¹ That left Brigham Young the ranking Apostle.

The position of Brigham Young as President of the Council of Twelve was confirmed by the Lord in a revelation given January 19, 1841.² This was little more than three years before the martyrdom of Joseph Smith. During these years Joseph was moved upon by the Lord to set up securely the order of or-

WHO IS PRESIDENT OF THE "TWELVE"?

By John A. Widtsoe
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

ganization within the Church. The presidency of the Twelve was not forgotten.

In this revelation the main priesthood officers of the Church are presented to the Church for their acceptance. After presenting the Patriarch, and the President with his two counselors, the President of the Council of Twelve is presented, in the following words: "I give unto you my servant Brigham Young to be a president over the twelve traveling council."³ The names of the members of the Council are later given, thus preventing any misunderstanding.

Since that time there has been no deviation from the rule that the senior member should preside over the Council. In the troublesome days following the death of the Prophet, Brigham Young became the President of the Council, which, until a new President was chosen, presided over the Church.

When finally the Lord moved upon the Council to reorganize the First Presidency, Brigham Young, then President of the Council of Twelve, was called to be President of the Church.⁴

This order of succession to the presidency of the Council of Twelve, and to the presidency of the Church has been followed, and will continue to be the rule of the Church until the Lord speaks and commands another procedure.

When Brigham Young became President of the Church, Elder Orson Hyde, a member of the original Quorum of Twelve Apostles, was sustained as President of the Council of Twelve.⁵ He was so sustained for many years. However, one fact had been overlooked. In October 1838, Orson Hyde, then just recovering from a serious illness, had yielded to the importunities of Thomas B. Marsh to sign a vicious paper against Joseph Smith. Brother Hyde was promptly cut off from the Church, and of course lost his apostleship.⁶ The charges against the Prophet were, however, shown to be unfounded. Brother Hyde repented and was restored to his position as an Apostle on June 27, 1839.⁷ This incident made Brother Hyde a junior rather than a senior member of the Council. In matters of senior-

¹D.H.C. VII:621-623.

²Journal History, 6 April 1848.

³D.H.C. III:168 and The Gospel Kingdom, p. 188.

⁴Ibid., III:379.

ity, in case of an excommunication, the length of service dates from the time of re-entry, should they occur, into the Quorum. When this matter was considered by the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve, John Taylor assumed the presidency of the Council.⁸

President Heber J. Grant succeeded President Joseph F. Smith as President of the Church in 1918. In the Council of the Twelve at that time the next in order of seniority was Anthon H. Lund, who was serving as a counselor in the presidency of the Church. An Apostle does not surrender his rights in the Quorum of Apostles by being called to serve in the First Presidency. To preserve President Lund's rights in priesthood succession, he was sustained as President of the Twelve, though retaining his place in the First Presidency. Elder

⁸*The Gospel Kingdom*, (John Taylor) pp. 182-194. G. Homer Durham, Ed.

Rudger Clawson, the next ranking member of the Council, was appointed acting president, and so served until President Lund's death when Elder Clawson became the President of the Council.

So runs the story of the presidency of the Twelve. The principle followed in the past will no doubt be followed in the future, except as the Lord may speak and command changes. It is well for Latter-day Saints to understand these matters as they pertain to the Quorum of the Twelve upon which lies the responsibility of maintaining the presidential leadership of the Church.

It is equally well to understand the words of Brigham Young concerning the Twelve Apostles of the Church, words which hold as well for those of the present as of the past:

"What constituted them apostles—special witnesses to the world?

... What was it? The visions of their minds were opened, and it was necessary that a few should receive light, knowledge, and intelligence that all the powers of earth and hell could not gainsay or compete with."⁹

Here is the list of the men who have been sustained as Presidents of the Twelve:

Thomas B. Marsh
Brigham Young
Orson Hyde
John Taylor
Wilford Woodruff
Lorenzo Snow
Franklin D. Richards
Brigham Young (Jr.)
Francis M. Lyman
Heber J. Grant
Anthon H. Lund
Rudger Clawson
George Albert Smith
George F. Richards

⁹*Discourses of Brigham Young*, p. 343. (1941 edition.)

DUST the cobwebs off the words and repeat them to yourself, "I am my brother's keeper." Then say them again, think them, speak them. And as you do, remember that you are not blindly repeating a time-worn platitude long since thrown on the junk heap of forgotten Sunday School truisms, but are uttering the first law of modern-day living!

Your grandfather, or maybe your great-grandfather, could keep body and soul together by using the products raised on his own plot of ground, cared for with his own hands. But much has taken place since Great-grandfather's day. His independence and self-sufficiency went flying with the coming of the industrial revolution and the genesis of quantity production. With the growth of cities and the shrinkage of the globe through modern technological advances, independent living disappeared like wood in a fire. Interdependence became the way of life.

What did you have for breakfast this morning? Cereal from Michigan, orange juice from California, or if you prefer, grapefruit from Arizona or Florida; bacon from the butcher who bought it from the pack-

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

By Bruce S. Jenkins



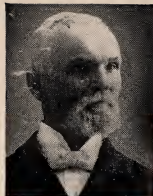
er who in turn obtained it from Jones, the rancher, whose place is way over on the other side of the state. (It is like the house that Jack built.) The dishes you ate from, where did they come from? From the eastern states, made with machinery manufactured in England, made from metal mined in the Dutch East Indies, which was carried to Britain on a ship built in California. The dress you are wearing, or the suit—who made it? Who designed it? Who shipped it? Who sold it? Who are all these millions of people contributing to your personal welfare and comfort? Why, your brothers!

The average longevity of American man has increased twenty years or more over the last century. This has been brought about through the ever-increasing ability of man to control cooperatively his environment. Man is conquering his environment; he is learning to adjust himself to an

interdependent way of life, and in so doing, to conquer himself. What would happen if a meeting were called of all the men in the United States who watch after your health, keep the milk clean, tend to sewage disposal, and during that meeting, through some unforeseen calamity, those men were destroyed? If a pestilence followed, you would very hurriedly awaken to the fact that these men served you, just as you served them. You would know that they are needed just as you are needed in the whole world of things. Perhaps our time schedule would reverse, and our increased longevity would plummet like an elevator with a broken cable.

Can the most complacent, the most self-sufficient, flatter himself by thinking that he can make his way alone? The depression of 1929 provides more than enough proof that all people are tied together in a single, unified existence. All groups were affected and all suffered when the economic disease spread.

The world has shrunk to the size of Great-grandfather's farm. Mister, you are no longer the farmer's son—you are a citizen of the world. You are your brother's keeper, whether you know it or not!

Principal
KARL G. MAESER

BENJAMIN CLUFF, JR.



GEORGE H. BRIMHALL



FRANKLIN S. HARRIS



HOWARD S. McDONALD

CHRISTEN JENSEN,
acting president

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY *In*

At certain periods in the lives of men and institutions it is fitting to look back to evaluate the significance of what has happened. As Brigham Young University approaches its seventy-fifth anniversary on October 16, 1950, those who have partaken of its spirit feel a desire to reflect upon its achievements and the causes of its success.

The university is deeply indebted to a rich cultural heritage. Of prime importance is the background of the Latter-day Saints themselves. Most of the early members and practically all of the original leaders of the Church came from New Eng-


land. Later converts were from Great Britain, Scandinavia, and the countries of Holland, Switzerland, and Germany. The educational standards and institutions of these lands were the best in the world. Although many of the Saints were from the proletarian class, they were imbued with a high respect and a desire for education.

The great German universities which rose to a new height in the eighteenth century began a new era in higher education. They have had an overwhelming influence upon European and American universities, and through the latter a great

effect upon Brigham Young University since the turn of the century. They established academic freedom in thought and research wherein the pursuit of truth could flourish without hindrance. Phenomenal results were soon manifest in the production of brilliant scholars and learned publications which disseminated the achievements of research laboratories and seminars. We owe the German gymnasium and normal schools a tremendous debt of gratitude for the training and educational ideals which they imparted to Karl G. Maeser, who took the reins of leadership of Brigham Young Academy six months after the school was authorized. The German musical conservatories have made us their debtors through their training of such men as Albert Miller, Robert Sauer, and Anthon Lund, who began the great musical traditions of this university.

Of greatest significance in the growth of Brigham Young University has been the high educational standards of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The ideals and teachings of the Church are most important in their relation to education. Salvation is not only the result of the acceptance of the Christ and the atonement but is also attained through the growth of intelligence and character which continues throughout eternity. Consequently, education and moral living under the influence of lofty spiritual ideals are of supreme



Architect's drawing of the field house, now under construction



Lewis Building, first home of B.Y.U. 1875-1884

RETROSPECT

By

Russell B. Swensen, Ph.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY,
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

importance. Faith in spiritual principles is coordinate with exercise of reason and intelligence.

The glory of God is intelligence. . . . And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come. (D. & C. 93:36; 130:19.)

The freedom of the mind in the quest for truth was emphasized by the Prophet Joseph Smith when he said,

In reply to Mr. Butterfield, I stated that the most prominent difference in sentiment between the Latter-day Saints and sectarians was that the latter were all circumscribed by some peculiar creed, which deprived the members of the privilege of believing anything not contained therein, whereas the Latter-day Saints have no creed, but are ready to believe all true principles that exist, as they are made manifest from time to time. (D. H. C. V. 215.)

The educational philosophy of Brigham Young is likewise one of exceeding breadth and insight.

Education is the power to think clearly, the power to act well in the world's work, and the power to appreciate life. . . . Every art and science known and studied by the children of men is comprised within the gospel. (THE IMPROVEMENT ERA XXIII, 831; Discourses of Brigham Young, 1943 ed., p. 246.)

He would also have religion permeate education in such a way that

Airview of present upper campus



the moral and spiritual ideals would grow and develop along with the intelligence. His parting instruction to Karl G. Maeser was, "You must not attempt to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication table without the Spirit of the Lord."

By 1869 the Latter-day Saints had overcome the initial hardships of colonization. The need was felt of having a school where youth of the Church could receive instruction. Accordingly, on October 16, 1875 President Young established Brigham Young Academy in Provo where religion as well as secular education could be taught. Warren Dusenberry, the first principal, resigned in the spring of 1876. Thereupon President Young appointed Karl G. Maeser, who had been a tutor of the Young children, to become head of the school.

The choice of Karl G. Maeser was most fortunate. He was a graduate of the Dresden gymnasium

and of the normal school of Friedrichstadt, Germany. He had been a vice-director of the Budich Educational Institute in Dresden. Here was a typical German scholar and gentleman with personal refinement, self-discipline, and a passion for perfection in academic work. His systematic and efficient administration, his love for his pro-

fession, and his faith in its importance gave it a dignity which was inspiring. There was also in him a profound devotion to his Church and a deep love for his students. Furthermore, he was one of the most colorful, magnetic, and dynamic personalities ever to appear in a Utah school. It is not surprising that he made a powerful impression upon his students to secure their affection and enthusiastic cooperation. When financial troubles and the fire of 1884 threatened to close the school, he labored hard with resolution and courage to keep it from closing. In those trying times he was given great aid and encouragement by President A. O. Smoot, head of the Church Board of Education.

Brother Maeser developed much of the school atmosphere and many of the unique traditions and ideals which have been characteristic of

(Continued on following page)

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY IN RETROSPECT



Some buildings on the campus; left, Education Building, Maeser Memorial Building; and right, from top, Joseph Smith Building, Brimhall Building, and Heber J. Grant Library.

(Continued from preceding page)
the school ever since. Religion, moral integrity, rich social fellowship, and aesthetic appreciation were fostered by him as important aspects of education. The Poly-sophical Society, which brought intellectual and aesthetic entertainment to the students, became the forerunner of the rich cultural offerings which are characteristic of the "Y."

The popularity of the dynamic leader and the new school grew rapidly throughout the Church. Some of Utah's most distinguished citizens and leaders have pointed to his inspiration as a contributing factor in their success. The state and Church benefited greatly from the excellent teachers who were trained by the school's normal department. A commerce department

gave instruction in this practical field to many students, and much of the curriculum was adapted to what is now known as the secondary level of education.

In 1892 Dr. Maeser was succeeded by Benjamin Cluff, Jr. He was a former student of Brother Maeser and had been one of the first Utahns to obtain a college degree, which he secured at the University of Michigan in 1890. He was a brilliant teacher and a vigorous, creative administrator who had a vision of making the academy grow into a university. He inspired many young men and women to leave the state to become trained in the best universities in the country. From this new supply of trained leadership he recruited many of his teaching staff. He had the name of the school changed to Brigham

Young University and the executive title from principal to president. He established the first summer school in Utah and brought in many of the nation's great educators to teach there. This had a marked effect in stimulating the desire for higher education and better teaching.

President Cluff introduced new departments and laboratories to the school and was most active in promoting the erection of new buildings. The education, college, and training school buildings were the result of his vigorous promotion. He was aware of the great role of extracurricular student activities as a means of developing leadership, providing wholesome recreation, and creating a vital school spirit. Accordingly, he instituted student class organizations, a school paper, *The White and Blue*, and the athletic sports of football, basketball, and track. His administration thus marked the beginning of a new era, the collegiate. He did not remain long enough to realize the fulfilment of this, for Brigham Young University was still largely a secondary school with a normal school and a small college department with fewer than fifty students attached to it. But he opened the door to outside learning and scholarship and created the nucleus of a university according to the academic traditions of the great German and American universities.

Dr. George H. Brimhall succeeded President Cluff in December 1903. He was another of the able students developed by Dr. Maeser. He secured a bachelor of pedagogy degree and the honorary degree of doctor of literature at Brigham Young University. He was a great orator and teacher with a dynamic and vibrant personality. Few men in the Church were his equal as an inspiring speaker. He generated powerful spiritual and moral convictions in the youth who attended the school, through his powerful eloquence expressed in short sermons. His intense love for the school and devotion to the Church were manifest in his arduous labors. His task was one of consolidation and integration rather than one of spectacular innovations. It was actually during his administration

(Continued on page 852)

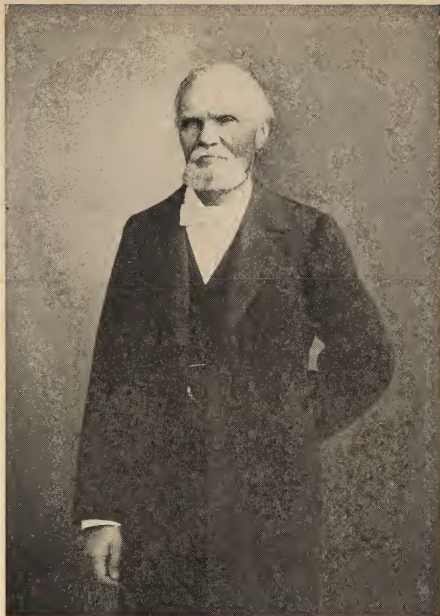
THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

KARL G. MAESER

Latter-day Saint Educator

*By Alma P. Burton**

"Love was his bow, and truth was his arrow," George H. Brimball's statement about the teaching of Karl G. Maeser.



KARL GOTTFRIED MAESER

KARL GOTTFRIED MAESER and his wife Anna were the first man and woman to be baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Germany. Their baptism in October 1855 marked the beginning of a fruitful harvest of souls in that country. Elder Maeser was ordained an elder and called to preside over the small group of converts, eight in number, who had joined the Church including the Maesers.

After his baptism the spirit of gathering rested on Elder Maeser. On June 6, 1856, having resigned his teaching position in Dresden, he and his family and a small company set out for London, England, on their way to America. The ability of Elder Maeser was soon apparent to those in England, and he and his wife and small son were requested to remain in London to preach to the German people there and later to serve as missionaries in Scotland. Ever faithful to his presiding brethren, he remained, while the rest of his company continued

to America. His faith was tested in other ways, too, for as an elder he was forced to carry his traveling equipment, at this time considered a menial task by this aristocratic professor. Finally he bent even to this task, saying, "Well, they have the priesthood, they have told me to go, and I will go," and carried his carpetbag to the station.

He was honorably released from his labors in England and with his family continued his journey to America, landing July 4, 1857. On the journey over, tragedy had stalked them, for a second son who had been born to them in England sickened and died. Burial took place among a strange people who spoke a tongue foreign to the Maesers. The trials did not end with this sorrow. When the Maesers had landed, they had no money to continue their journey to Utah. Karl located in Philadelphia for a few weeks but could not find work. Their need for food became so great that on one occasion he had to lull his small son to sleep to stop his cries for food. In the midst of these circumstances, Karl

was called to fill a mission to the South—a call which he accepted, laboring in the state of Virginia most of the time. To finance himself, he was able to teach music to many prominent families, including the family of ex-President Tyler of Richmond.

At the completion of the mission, the Maesers returned to Philadelphia where Karl was made president of the Philadelphia Conference, a position he held until June of 1860, when he resumed his journey to Utah. The Maesers traveled in Patriarch John Smith's company, taking four months to cross the plains. Once again Elder Maeser's training had ill-suited him to such hardships, but he arranged for those to travel with him who could help him with the tasks of harnessing, hitching, and driving the oxen.

Soon after his arrival in Salt Lake, Elder Maeser arranged to open a school in an old meeting-house and granary. His signal success undoubtedly drew the attention of Brigham Young, for in the

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*Adapted from a thesis Karl G. Maeser, Educator, written by Alma P. Burton at Brigham Young University, 1950.

KARL G. MAESER

(Concluded from preceding page)

spring of 1861 Elder Maeser was appointed to direct the Union Academy. His pay in the new country consisted of such items as squash, potatoes, carrots. From his year's experience in the Union Academy, Elder Maeser went to the Twentieth Ward where he organized a three-department school. His success as a teacher was surpassed only by his success as a public speaker whose services were in constant demand. However, busy as he was, his economic status was perilous. Frequently the Maesers had to sit down to a meal of flour mush and homemade molasses.

In 1864, Karl became private tutor to the children of President Brigham Young. In this position, the best he had held since coming to America, he was relieved of collecting tuition, the drudgery of janitorial work, and criticism. This position enabled the Maesers to purchase a lot and commence a home—the first they would be able to call their own. Their happy anticipation was changed into another channel, for in the April 1867 general conference, Elder Maeser's name was read to fill a mission to Germany and Switzerland. He was overjoyed to be returning to his homeland where he might labor to convert his own people—but he was worried over the financial status of his family. However the Maeser faith exceeded their worry—the Lord had helped them before, he would help them again. His mission was a success from every viewpoint but one: He had been unable to bring the gospel message to his people; they had instead labored to shake Karl's faith.

When in 1870 Elder Maeser returned from his mission, his wife Anna handed him the same fifty-cent piece he had given her three years before, the only money he had at the time he had received his mission call. He also was amazed to see both rooms of their two room home completely finished and furnished with "store" carpets on the floors and curtains at the windows. Their faith had been amply rewarded.

Karl resumed his teaching at the Twentieth Ward school and also

organized and taught the work in the first normal department of the Deseret University (later the University of Utah).

President Brigham Young called Elder Maeser to organize the first Church university, Brigham Young Academy at Provo, Utah. Karl Maeser's query was: "President Young, I am ready to go to Provo; what are your instructions?" The reply came with forceful intensity: "Only this: You ought not to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication tables without the Spirit of God That is all. God bless you." No group of students ever assembled under the tutorship of Karl G. Maeser who did not feel in his teachings the application of Brigham Young's instructions.

By training, Elder Maeser was well-qualified for this position. His spiritual background made him one of the earth's greatest. He believed implicitly in the worth of the individual soul and in the need for individual growth. But he also believed firmly in the value of discipline. As he said, "Discipline is the climate of the school." But in an age when severity was advocated, he also said, "The exercise of authority without intelligent justice and kind consideration is tyranny, and obedience without consent of the heart or brain is slavery."

His philosophy of education is summed up beautifully in his book, *School and Fireside*, the reading of which even today is provocative of good among those who lead youth. In addition to his rare teaching ability, Elder Maeser was a superb organizer. He believed in careful records, which could be checked, and he required four kinds to be maintained: historical, general, register of studies, and rollbooks. The historical record should contain changes which occurred in the board, faculty, buildings, improvements; the general record should include the name, age, address of students, their parents, the time of entrance, and the department entered; the register of studies should

include the subjects treated in every class, giving reference to textbooks used and the plan followed; the rollbook included the regular daily attendance, punctuality, and preparation of the students. "Incomplete and unreliable records should condemn any teacher in the eyes of his superiors and of the public," was Elder Maeser's terse comment.

In 1888 the First Presidency called Karl G. Maeser to become the first superintendent of all Church schools. For two years he served in two capacities—as president of the Brigham Young Academy and as superintendent of all Church schools. In 1890 Benjamin Cluff was appointed to act as assistant principal.

On January 4, 1892 Dr. Maeser concluded his direct connection with the school. His great ability assured the success of his wider activity as head of the Church school system. The same meticulous diligence was practised in this new calling. His unusual qualifications also called him to become successively second assistant and first assistant to George Q. Cannon in the Deseret Sunday School Union. During January of 1894 Elder Maeser was called on a special mission to California to arrange Church educational exhibits in the San Francisco fair. The exhibits were well received and helped give the Church a good name in educational circles.

In addition to his school and Church activities, Dr. Maeser had a particularly keen interest in genealogy. On the last day of his life he mentioned to his sister-in-law as he returned home from work, "I am exceedingly happy. I have just met Brother John Nicholson who told me that the work for the last name of my temple record has been finished today." That night he performed for his granddaughter and other members of the family, for he was a natural-born mimic and actor. After an evening of fun and amusement, he retired to his bed, and during the night he passed away. He died February 15, 1901 at the age of seventy-five years, leaving a name that will command respect as long as the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints uphold education.

If you love the truth you can remember it.—Brigham Young.



STATUE OF MORONI
AT HILL CUMORAH

FIFTEEN hundred years ago, on this continent, a man by the name of Moroni, a recorder of history and a custodian of ancient and sacred records, bade good-bye to this world with these words:

And now I bid unto all, farewell. I soon go to rest in the paradise of God, until my spirit and body shall again reunite, and I am brought forth triumphant through the air, to meet you before the pleasing bar of the great Jehovah, the Eternal Judge of both quick and dead. (Moroni 10:34.)

Moroni's words were strangely prophetic.

Just before the turn of the twentieth century, a statue, symbolic of the quality of Moroni's life and work, was brought forth, triumphant—in the air. It stands on the top of a temple spire, overlooking a beautiful modern city, whose foundations were laid from the power of his message. It stands as a guardian in the clouds at times, overlooking the buildings of the Church archives. And he who was the last great prophet to guard and write upon the records of his own

I AM BROUGHT FORTH To MEET YOU

By LaPreal Wight

race appears to guard and protect the records of other races; all of these records weaving the story of the house of Israel, of one kingdom, of one God.

The statue of Moroni stands on holy ground, where buildings have been erected and dedicated to the performance of a divine work. It is fitting that it should stand there, a symbol, trumpeting to all the world that the gospel spoken of through the ages, promised to the prophets by the Father, has been at last ushered in.

He stands as a missionary, representing the gospel he wrote about and preached. Many people stop below him, look up inquiringly at the radiant dignity of his bearing. They are people from all walks of life, from many lands, from across the seas. Though they appear to rush hurriedly onward, they will have caught in some small measure the message of Moroni.

This message may come to them from the tones of a great organ, from the arrested flight of a sea gull, from the push and pull of a handcart, or from the stately pattern of flowers—the heart of a single flower perhaps—each having an existence through the restoration of the gospel.

Who is Moroni?

He wrote only a small portion of the Book of Mormon, ten short chapters. And then his father, Mormon, supplied the words for most of them, as a father's counsel to his son, beautiful and wise. But when the books are opened and all things are made known, Moroni will stand forth as one of the great men of the earth, his own words, brave and poignant, bearing out his spiritual strength: "And I, Moroni, will not deny the Christ. . . ." (Moroni 1:3.)

Moroni's life is so linked with the work of the Church of Jesus

Christ of Latter-day Saints that he seems a part of the Church, as alive as his message, an integral part of its doctrine.

Across the nation in Palmyra, New York, a bronze statue stands, high up, of this same Moroni. It stands on the very hill he knew so well—the hill that has been privileged, like the temple site, to become holy ground. In his hand is clasped the precious book he helped to bring forth—the Book of Mormon. As though attesting to all the world the authenticity of this book, his right hand is raised upward unto the heavens.

President Heber J. Grant, in a dedicatory prayer at this same Hill Cumorah when the statue was unveiled, said:

We thank thee, oh, Father that thou didst allow thy devoted and faithful prophet, Moroni, to visit the boy Joseph Smith; that thou didst allow him for four long years to meet the Prophet on this hill and instruct him regarding the principles of the gospel, and fit and prepare him to stand at the head of thy Church, again established upon the earth, the Church of thy Son, Jesus Christ.²

(Concluded on page 810)

²Dedicatory Prayer, President Heber J. Grant, Hill Cumorah, July 21, 1935.

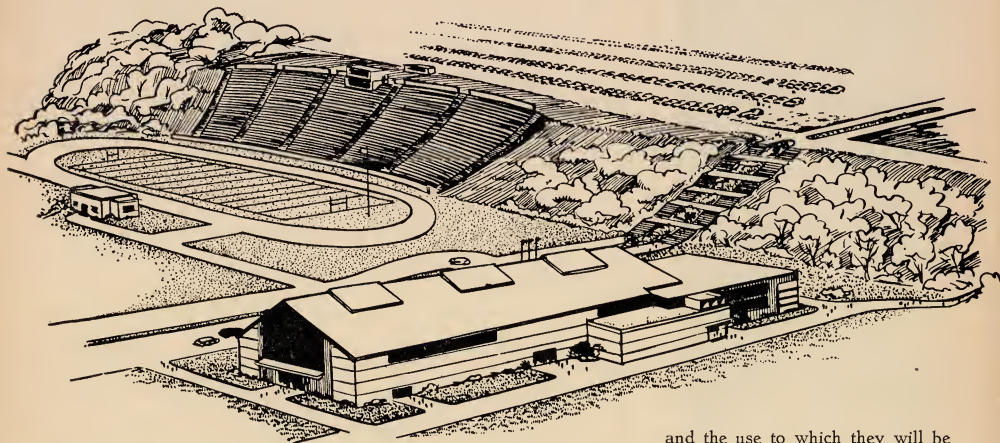


BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

By Dr. Wayne B. Hales

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS AND CHAIRMAN, DIAMOND JUBILEE
ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

FACES THE FUTURE



As one contemplates the future of Brigham Young University, his mind will most naturally turn to the past where he sees the objective elements of her yesterdays. The old Lewis building, the Z.C.M.I. warehouse, the Lower Campus, and the beautiful hill-site where one edifice after another has been erected, pass in review before him. Other less objective but infinitely more important and vital elements from that past are the legions of great men and women who have passed through its doors and who have been moved by its spirit to live abundantly and to serve effectively. Many have made outstanding contributions in the fields of science, art, and literature, and many others have assisted their fellows in meeting the social, economic, and religious problems of their day.

No matter how impressive the past of any man or any institution may be, no matter how great the stature in character or deeds one's forebears might be, one must remember that he, too, will someday be an ancestor and that he is shaping the future in which others must live.

Twenty-five years ago when the writer was a graduate student on the campus of the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, California, he was awed by the school architect's plans for the future of that institution. He questioned very much that such an expansion in its physical facilities could ever be realized. As he visits that campus today, he sees practically every one of those dreams fulfilled in structures of solid reinforced concrete, serving the enlarged student body, faculty, and research specialists as classrooms and research laboratories.

In 1946 Architect Fred L. Markham prepared similar plans for the future development of the physical plant of Brigham Young University. As many people viewed these plans, they likewise wondered if such dreams would come true. Already, in four short years, the Social Center and Upper Campus dormitories have been completed, the two-million-dollar Physical Science building will be dedicated on October 17, 1950, and the long-hoped-for Field House is well under way.

In order that one may appreciate the magnitude of the last two units

and the use to which they will be put, the following facts are given:

The Physical Science building is the result of thirty years of dreaming, three years of planning, and two years of building. It will cover 142,000 square feet of floor space, the equivalent of any other five buildings on the campus. It contains a few more than two hundred distinct rooms, proportionately distributed as classrooms, laboratories, offices, and research, service, and stock rooms. The departments of Physics and Mathematics, Chemistry, Geology, and Engineering will have permanent quarters in this structure, and other departments of the College of Arts and Sciences will use its classroom facilities.

The Field House has become the major project for the alumni organization. Through the generous contributions of its members supplementing funds from the Trustee-in-Trust of the Church, its erection is being made possible.

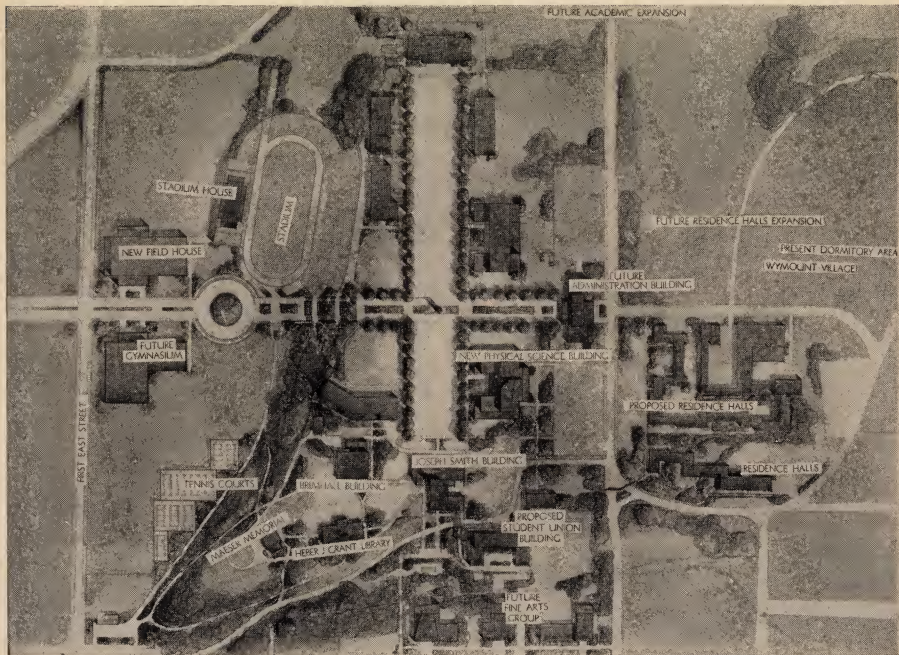
The Field House proper will cover nearly 100,000 square feet of floor space. It will contain a basketball court surrounded by 5500 permanent seats, to which may be added for special games and events another 2500 to 5000 temporary

Every modern facility has been added to these buildings to insure comfort, to enhance instruction, to encourage research, and to promote the general knowledge and well-being of the students, faculty, alumni, and patrons of Brigham Young University. The structure and function of these buildings inspired one prominent Utah educator to remark, "When I left the wonderfully constructed and equipped buildings of an eastern university I never dreamed that one should be so completely realized on the campus of a Utah educational institution."

days when so much is said about the incompatibility between science and religion, it expresses a faith in each of these great fields of human progress and a confidence that each will support the other. In the laboratories and classrooms of these great buildings the students of the future, as of now, will be given an orientation for life. They will have their scientific and religious philosophies integrated into a pattern of living that will bring peace to their minds and joy to their souls. Their whole experience will be a culmination or consummation of lives of willing and effective service to their Church and their fellow men.

Brigham Young University is our campus. To it we will send our sons and daughters that there they will find and help foster the wholesome social and religious atmosphere that results in clean living, intellectual growth, and social ties and friendships that make for long, happy, and successful lives." Nowhere else in the world can such an environment be found for the youth of the Church.

THE UPPER CAMPUS





J. MELVIN TOONE



RICHARD C. MAY

CHURCH WELFARE

In ACTION In

MINIDOKA

By Oran Whittaker

(Photographs by the author)

THE welfare plan in the Minidoka Stake had its beginning with the first attempts of men in this section to make the desert blossom. Its history leads us over the old freight-wagon road that began at Kelton, Utah, and took off in a northwesterly direction to Marsh Valley (now Albion, Idaho) across the Snake River at Starr's Ferry, and then on to Fort Boise.

Pioneering Latter-day Saints settled Oakley, Idaho, about this time and long before an engineer's transient scanned what is now the Minidoka Project. The railroad, pushing its way into the northwest, came as close as Minidoka, Idaho. Latter-day Saints freighted and helped to survey a network of canals soon after this, which was to be the means of spreading the waters of the mighty Snake River over the broad, flat desert lands. Courageous and hard-working men labored in winter's cold and summer's heat, and were lashed by high winds as they strove relentlessly on with the task of building a dam and digging the canals that would make a verdant land where once were only desert, howling coyotes, and roving Indians.

They learned by hardship and privation the necessity of helping and loving each other. Such a philosophy made homesteading possible. No brother lost a loved one

or his crop in those days that his brethren did not come quickly to his assistance. By this same axiom none of their number received any good fortune without sharing it with all, and in this way they built up a strong brotherhood that welcomed every newcomer with a fellowship that was unmistakable.

If there is one lesson the pioneer learned better than another it was to work, for only by work could he attain the necessities of life. Working and sharing with others was the essence of making a garden from a desert. Faith and works built homes, meetinghouses, and more important, the kingdom of God.

The Minidoka Stake quickly approved the Church welfare plan as outlined by the General Authorities and proceeded immediately with preliminary surveys and follow-up work, which led to the establishing of projects providing opportunities for work by those needing assistance. By that time, some members may have forgotten the need for brotherhood and helpfulness, but there were yet enough who carried the pioneer spirit with them to make the welfare plan desirable with the members of the Minidoka Stake. Early in the program it furnished

vegetables to the general committee for distribution where needed.

The stake began construction of a stake and ward building in 1937. The brethren were quick to recognize that in this would be an opportunity to provide employment for needy members. Through the close cooperation of the contractor, Brother William H. Kloefer, the building committee, and the stake presidency, a plan was set up whereby many members in need received food, fuel, and clothing in exchange for their labors.

The brethren of the Heyburn Ward, working as a group in 1938 to alleviate the housing shortage in their ward, bought a sawmill, went with their families to the mountains, and began hauling down logs to saw up for lumber to provide homes for ward members. This was the beginning of a project that was to grow into stake proportions in a short time. The following year, seeking the aid of the general committee in the purchase of additional equipment to transport timber from the canyons to the mill, the project was brought under stake supervision. Its operation on a ward basis had fulfilled a noble purpose in making the Heyburn Ward keenly ap-

Group of Rupert Third Ward members who turned out to thin beets.

Spring plowing on the Heyburn Ward farm.



preciative of the welfare plan. It called for a completely organized welfare committee to plan and supervise its operation. It nurtured the pioneer virtues of work and helpfulness with the brethren sharing their labors to produce the things they needed most. The brethren of the Heyburn Ward had proved that it could be done, that it would work.

Stake supervision of the project was set up under a manager who spent his full time supervising the work of logging, hauling, and sawing of the timber. The scope of the project now covered the whole stake, and brethren from all of the wards labored on the project for their needs. Many received lumber, and others were provided with food and fuel through the welfare program. Lumber, over and above the needs of the participants, was piled, seasoned, and sold. Better methods and equipment were brought into the project, and Brother Joseph V. Lee, an expert sawyer, spent his full time operating the mill.

This project remained active until all unemployed members of the stake were absorbed by the defense and war efforts. The mill and equipment remains intact and is operated for short periods to accommodate brethren needing timber cut. It had aided in completing more than a score of homes, farm outbuildings, and corrals. It is still the source of materials for farm and welfare buildings.

President Richard C. May recognized that the Minidoka Stake could best secure itself with agricultural projects, as its members were mostly farmers. He asked each bishop in the ten wards of the stake to begin to take steps toward purchasing a ward farm on which the ward members could work together and produce the commodities they and the program would need. Full realization of this project seemed far in the future, but the request fell on listening ears and found its way into understanding hearts. A short time elapsed before the Heyburn Ward, which was fully organized and functioning in the welfare program, caught the true meaning of what

(Continued on following page)



Dedicatory service at the stake welfare storehouse



Reshingling Rupert First Ward chapel



Heyburn sawmill at Heyburn, Idaho

CHURCH WELFARE IN ACTION

(Continued from preceding page)
this plan could do for the ward that put it in operation. They purchased a forty-acre farm and began operating it as a ward. The farm paid for itself, provided the budget assignment to the welfare plan, a home for a needy family, work and commodities for the unemployed, brotherhood and fellowship for the members of the priesthood. And it increased the spirituality of the ward membership.

Other bishops heard the message, caught the vision, and went to work to provide their wards with farms. Foremost among these was the Emerson Ward, presided over by Bishop J. Melvin Toone. The ward saw in such a project the opportunity of ward members working together, increasing their fellowship and spirituality, and enjoying the blessings which come to those who follow the counsel of the Lord's servants. No one knew these truths better than Bishop Toone, who led his ward in the purchase of a twenty-acre farm.

The Rupert First Ward was next to purchase a forty-acre farm; the plan of each ward owning a farm was becoming a reality, and those wards who were yet unable to purchase land were operating farm projects on a share-crop basis. Quorums were becoming active in assisting their own members. The cooperative work plan by stake members was manifest in many ways: It shingled meetinghouses, built additional rooms for widows, improved seminary buildings and grounds, completed the erection of the Minidoka Stake building. The latter was the stake's largest project and required thousands of man hours of labor as well as large sums of money. The welfare program played a vital part in this project, and although the members of the stake had many duties and obligations at this time, the Lord prospered them and made them equal to their many tasks.

In September 1942 the General Authorities saw fit to release President May from his duties as stake president. He carried well the responsibility of establishing and building up a flourishing stake. He was succeeded by J. Melvin Toone. In assuming his responsibility, President Toone brought to stake

leadership his long experience as a bishop in the Church. His interest and understanding of the Church welfare program manifested itself early in his administration. He inaugurated a "pig" project with the members of the priesthood quorums in which everyone who could was to raise and fatten a pig, sell it, and turn the money into the stake welfare fund. Those unable to do this were asked to turn in the equivalent in cash. Over two hundred weaner pigs were farmed out the first year this project was put in operation.

The established projects of the stake were not forgotten. None were more valiant in the work than President Toone himself. His spirit and enthusiasm were contagious with the brethren of the stake who had already gone a long way in the welfare program. Men not only gave of their time to the cause of the program but of their means as well. Many of the brethren gave one hundred dollars annually to the program and one brother, when the plan to raise funds began, manifested his faith in the work by donating one thousand dollars. As the years went by, the welfare program in the Minidoka Stake marched steadily forward and with it the spirituality of its people.

No history of the welfare program is complete without some mention of the vital part played by the Relief Society and the manifold and efficient services it renders to the program. All of the projects undertaken by the Minidoka Stake have had the quiet, loving support of the Relief Society and its members. At the beginning of the pro-

gram the Relief Society entered upon a project of renovating used clothing and teaching the sisters how to sew and clothe their families. These projects are in effect today, and many worthy members in the Minidoka Stake and in the war-torn countries of Europe have been clothed and made comfortable at night because of the handiwork of the Relief Society sisters.

During a visit to our stake conference, Elder Henry D. Moyle advocated that each family should have a storage of wheat. Acting upon this suggestion, the stake launched a program to build up a storage of wheat. It built a granary by the cooperative effort of the members of the priesthood from lumber produced by the Heyburn sawmill on a lot purchased for a welfare site. That fall the granary was filled with wheat, and since that time the stake has had wheat on hand which can be turned to cereal, flour, or cash, whichever is needed most.

Funds from the pig project grew to such a proportion that the stake purchased an eighty-acre farm in the Paul district for \$14,500 with the purpose in mind of helping to rehabilitate stake members. During the war years all of the farm except twenty acres was rented to Church members on share-crop basis. The twenty acres was operated as a stake project by the stake presidency and high council. It was planted to wheat and furnished the welfare budget allotment and kept the stake's supply replenished.

The great call on the welfare program for our members in Europe following the war found the Minidoka Stake prepared and ready. Hundreds of packages were shipped by the Central Idaho Region, which by this time was under the chairmanship of President Toone. His own stake was foremost in this great effort for our brethren and sisters in Europe. Clothing, comforters, blankets, as well as items of food were eagerly packaged and sent on their way. The sisters of the stake answered the call for quilts and blankets again and again by replenishing their stock in the stake. Brethren and sisters spent days and nights wrapping and addressing packages, each bearing a name that

(Continued on page 846)

SIGNATURE

By Gilean Douglas

NOR in my books nor in the moon of dreaming
Shall I find rest tonight.
Perhaps I never shall find rest again
From this sweet frenzy which is half delight

And half the anguishing of urgent pain.
Is this joy's truth or only bitter seeming?

All I can know is that I walk above
The laggard earth and touch
My head against the sky; I laugh to feel
The small grow large, the little turn to much.

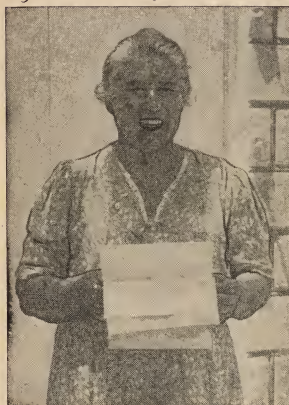
And all converge within the mystic seal
Which stamps my life forever with my love.

PRICELESS

—Genealogy—

By Ivie Huish Jones*

OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN MISSION



Sister Maria Gomez Plata, mother of seventeen children, pauses at the door of the chapel in Fresno, California, after discovering that the legal certificates she had in her purse contained much valuable genealogical information.

THE true value of legal birth, marriage, or death certificates has been greatly underestimated among our Mexican genealogy seekers. It is not at all uncommon for our Mexican people to say, "I can't remember when my father died," or "I don't know when my mother and grandmother were born."

Of course they cannot remember, neither can we who were born in the Church remember all these dates, even though we have had access to family records since infancy. It is surprising how many dates they do remember, when they have had so few occasions to recall them and no reminders on paper anywhere in the house.

To get the information necessary to do the temple work for their dead, it is necessary for the one helping to secure this data to be a real psychologist. It is only natural for the person being questioned to become emotionally disturbed upon being asked such important questions. Often people have been asked regarding the death date of a relative only to say that there is no

record of the day, the month, or even the year. But by leading these people into talking about the incident, often the researcher can learn the exact date of some of these important happenings.

A mother said she had no record at all of her father's death. The question was asked: "Do you remember how old your children were when your father died?" With pathos and reverence in her voice, she replied, "He was very sick when my son, Juan, was born, and he died the next morning about five o'clock. It was a terrible experience," she concluded. Since the son's birth date had already been

definitely established, it was easy to establish the precise date. The answer to this one question meant that one more loved one could have his baptism and endowments performed for him and that the entire family could be sealed together since the father's death date was the only information missing.

On another occasion, the death date of a grandparent was established by the purchase of a home, for the death occurred just a week after the final papers were signed.

In a little mountain community, the Relief Society sisters were discussing genealogy, and one sister emphatically replied that she had gone just as far as she could, for she had no records of the birth or death of any of the family. After exhausting all other possibilities, the teacher asked the question as to their burial place. The answer was: "About four miles from here." Her face lighted when the suggestion was made that all the dates necessary might be on the headstones in the cemetery, and the minute the last song was sung and the prayer offered, this sister left

the chapel for home. When she excitedly explained to her husband that she must go to the cemetery at once, he tried to restrain her, telling her that it was raining and asking why she wanted to hunt up the dead. But she was not to be daunted, and at the conference in the branch that night, she came all smiles, for she had found her long-sought-for treasure. This family group sheet is now complete and the temple ordinances performed. Until we have exhausted every possible avenue for securing the necessary data, we have not done our duty to our loved ones who have gone on without a knowledge of the restored gospel.

While the heir on each family line has a great responsibility and a marvelous privilege to both the living and the dead, the work of collecting genealogical data is not limited to the heir. The spirit of Elijah has touched the hearts of many who are not heirs, and if the heir of a certain line is not interested in collecting this important data, someone else will be given the inspiration to go ahead.

Brother Eufemio Salazar of the Phoenix Branch presidency is not the heir to his father's household, for he was not the first male to be baptized into the Church during life. He has, however, possibly extended the genealogical research of his family line farther back into the history of the past than any other member in the Spanish-American Mission.

Brother Salazar found that Juan de Salazar (his seventh great-grandfather) was the founder of Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was born in Spain in 1555, and his father, who was one of the conquistadores, was born in Auvergne, France, in 1520. Back still another generation, he found that his ninth great-grandfather was Francisco Salazar, born in France in 1472, just twenty years before Columbus discovered America. The father of Francisco was Hector, born in 1443, and his father, Juan de Salazar,

(Continued on page 847)

*Sister Jones is the wife of Elder Lorin F. Jones, president of the Spanish-American Mission.



KUNA CAVE where Indians hid from enemies years ago.

The Biorge and Stout families enjoy an outing. Marion Stout and Mildreth Biorge peer over the edge of the cave while Fredrick Biorge starts down the ladder followed by David Stout. Baby Elma Mira Biorge looks on contentedly from her chair in the background.

A FEW years ago when her Bee Hive leader asked Kathleen Maughan how she happened to have such a fund of knowledge upon so many subjects, she answered, "We study and discuss things in our family night. One night each week, our whole family gets together. We play our instruments, sing songs, have the 'yummiest' Smorgasbords, and my father reads articles and books which we have chosen to study."

Kathleen continued to tell of the discussions which the family entered into upon anything which puzzled them personally or was of interest to them on a universal plane. "You know," Kathleen added thoughtfully, "I never realized how smart my parents were until I listened to them give their opinions on all kinds of subjects. Somehow I did not realize that they had really been like me and knew exactly how I felt. Do you know, they had

even felt the same way when they were my age? I also discovered why they were so strict with me." She grinned a bit self-consciously. "My parents love me. They just want to be sure that I do the things which will make me the happiest in the long run."

Kathleen's Bee Hive leader thrilled to hear her confide how much she had grown to love and appreciate her parents, President and Sister J. Howard Maughan of Logan, Utah, during the two years they had been enjoying family nights.

Not long ago, the Holsingers moved from Twin Falls to Boise. Their bishop's wife in Twin Falls had made family nights sound like such fun that Sister Holsinger was determined to try the plan in her own home. Following the method of the bishop's wife, the Holsingers divided into two teams with the parents heading the teams. They

Are You a FAMILY

take turns entertaining each other. When Sister Holsinger's side has charge of the evening, she prepares the family's favorites for dinner, with maybe popcorn balls and candy or cake and punch for later on.

Brother Holsinger was not a member of the Church when this all began, but he joined in the family fun and later joined the Church. Now his team is famous for humorous tricks and centerpieces to liven up the meals, while a new game is often the treat of the evening on his nights.

Everyone in the Holsinger family helps serve the dinner and clear the dishes afterwards. Then they play games such as monopoly or checkers or hunt the thimble. Sometimes it's a movie the whole family has been wanting to see. Whatever type of amusement the family teams choose, they all agree that it is fun to do things together.

Brother L. D. Holsinger will tell you that it seemed difficult at first to close Friday nights to all social obligations, but soon he was so thoroughly enjoying their family nights that he found himself refusing to allow anything to break into their activity.

Boise has other enthusiastic "family nighters," among them President Z. Reed Millar of the Boise Stake.



NIGHTER?

By Florence Biorge

Brother and Sister Millar feel that the growth and development this plan affords their children cannot be measured.

Casual spontaneity best describes the Millar's "family night." The children entertain in whatever manner they choose, and their parents find this to be an excellent way to determine where the different children's talents and interests lie. Such knowledge enables them to offer training and encouragement where it will do the most good.

Sister Millar has often found that she could easily turn the children's minds back to a Sunday School, Primary, or public school lesson which she felt they had not completely understood. All together, as a family, they go over the story or lesson and, at the opportune moment, Brother and Sister Millar may make the necessary comment to clear up any question in the mind of the youngster. What a golden opportunity for parents to nip misconceptions in the bud which, if allowed to remain in a child's mind, might cause apostasy or seriously affect his attitude in adult life.

President Millar, who was recently released as president of Boise Stake, grows most enthusiastic over family night possibilities as a springboard for true democracy. He finds family nights to be excellent for presenting family problems and receiving the counsel and cooperation of the entire family in all matters pertaining to themselves.

A recent example of the Millar democracy in action was the purchase of a new family automobile. The matter was presented to the entire family during a holiday when the older children were home from school. It was readily agreed that the old car had served its purpose and that the amount of driving President Millar was forced to do in his private practice and Church work warranted a new car. But automobiles are expensive these

days, and President Millar insists upon buying only for "all cash." When the figures were added up, the new car could be purchased, but it would take almost all the money the family had in the bank.

Sister Millar looked ahead to Christmas. She began to add up what their Christmas wants would cost. When both figures were put

(Concluded on page 810)



Everyone helps prepare for "family night" by clearing away the dishes in the Holsinger household.

The Millar family enjoying a "family night" of musical entertainment.





One of the many frequent floods that occurred in 1949 as a result of cutting off the plant cover from the foothills.



Men making a dike for irrigation. One shovels and the other pulls on a chain attached to the shovel.

By George Stewart

FORMER MEMBER Y.M.M.I.A. GENERAL BOARD

MEMBER OF AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION TO IRAN GOVERNMENT, 1949

IRAN:

IRAN RESEMBLES UTAH AND NEVADA PHYSICALLY

IRAN has appeared frequently in the news columns in recent months, and it is likely that it will continue to appear perhaps for some years to come. The reasons lie in the fact that Iran has a strategic location both physically and politically, and that in addition, it is buffeted by ideologies diametrically opposed to each other. It is a hallway in the Middle East through which nations pass in going from one geographic section to another, and the people who live in one geographic section of the Middle East have different ideas and ideals from those who live in another part. Finally, these various peoples who live on the borders of Iran are sometimes envious of the domain of each other. It has been thus for many years. It is likely to be thus for some years in the future.

Latter-day Saints have many reasons to be interested in Iran. Some of these reasons are based on geography, some on manner of life, some on religion; but some are even more importantly based on the struggle for ideals to live by, principally the ideal that people are entitled to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. A near-starvation level of welfare in Iran works against a strongly-nourished level in the United States generally.

Iran is a land of mountains and valleys, foothills and salt flats. Most of it is on a plateau 4,000 to 7,000 feet in elevation. In latitude it would extend from about Reno, Nevada, or Nephi, Utah, to a bit beyond the Mexican boundary. It is arid, and a part of it desert in aspect. The precipitation varies from four to five inches in the desert areas to ten, twelve, fifteen, and twenty inches in the agricultural belt in the alluvial valleys near the mountains. The mountains receive heavy snow, probably more than comes in Utah, as they are higher by 1,000 to 3,000 feet in certain parts. Streams flow from the mountains, and these streams are used for stock water, domestic supplies, and irrigation. Many villages depend on underground water but have no efficient means of getting it to the surface, except in a woefully few places where an occasional pump has been installed.

The principal forms of agriculture are crop growing for human food, and grazing. Four-fifths of the people are engaged in agriculture to grow food for the nation. So little do they use labor-saving devices that the production for each man is shockingly low. An un-

timely frost or a period of normally low precipitation may put a district of Iran on the verge of starvation. This prevents much attention to growing feed for livestock, which sustain themselves on straw from wheat, barley, beans, or lentils, and on such roughage as can be gathered from the uncultivated lands. After more than two thousand years of this local grazing, the plant cover near the settled areas is badly damaged. Most of the really desirable forage plants have been killed or relegated to less accessible places.

Also, near the villages and smaller towns, a great deal of the fuel is obtained by cutting off or pulling up the small brush. It is carried to the village in bundles on the backs of donkeys. This leaves the nearby countryside largely barren and greatly exposed to floods and erosion, owing to the lack of protective vegetation.

SUBJECT TO COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA

On the north, Iran borders the Caspian Sea where a fringe about thirty to fifty miles in width receives thirty to sixty inches of precipitation. Agriculture is intensive and the population dense in this area. The elevation is approximately sea level and much of the



Range cattle in Iran in April 1949, thin, after a hard winter. Far back in the ancestry of these cattle are strains from Indian Brahmas.



Plowing in Iran. Oxen and ox-bows, the plow merely a crooked tree rootlet.

PATHWAY OF THE MIDDLE EAST

land marshy, and malaria is a major problem.

Since both to the east and to the west of the Caspian, Russia borders on Iran, communist agents are reported to be active all along the border, especially in years of crop failure or other hardship. Whenever scarcity of food or other staple commodities occurs, the Iranian villages are deluged with communistic agents. This keeps the people in interior Iran as well as those on the border greatly disturbed. They fear the Russians may move in and

take possession. Iranians dread this above all things.

A look at the map shows at a glance that if Russia should occupy Iran for military purposes, the U.S.S.R. would then be in a position to reach very vulnerable spots. Rich oil fields lie in Iran near the Persian Gulf. Just across the border are the rich oil fields of Iraq and the fertile farming lands in the Tigris-Euphrates valley. From here to the Red Sea is only another step, and to the west lie Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and the

Suez Canal. On the southeast lies the road to India with its vast markets and its teeming population.

But why should America and western Europe fear Russia unless a state of war exists? That's the real difficulty. The constant, unflinching propaganda of the communists goes on always. Well-informed Americans, Britishers, and Frenchmen maintain this is part of the program of Stalin's national government. This contest is so acute and so violently disturbing

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Transporting flat stones used for walks. Donkeys furnish nearly all power for transportation except in the cities where trucks are sometimes used.



Field prepared for irrigation with border dikes made by hand.



IRAN: PATHWAY OF THE MIDDLE EAST

(Concluded from preceding page)

that many in America call it a "cold war." When one is in Iran, however, it doesn't look very cold. It has the earmarks of a thoroughly warm struggle between communism and western democratic ideals. At times it looked as if a formal war would really lessen the heat of the struggle by withdrawing a large contingent of the fighting propagandists to other duties. So sharp are the differences between the doctrines of the communists and the ideals of western democracy that there is no doubt about the heat of the struggle or the import of the consequences. Iran is one of the key fronts on which this battle is being fought and is likely to be fought.

Iran is a really critically strategic area in this battle of ideologies that now goes on with relentless energy on the part of those holding the communistic ideology. It seems as if those holding the democratic ideology must be more active than they have been lest they lose the battle before they are aware it is a real battle—and an important one.

Some people are more susceptible to communist propaganda than are other peoples. Iranians are in a position of high susceptibility. This comes from the fact that production of food and other necessities is barely enough in ordinary years to meet current needs. Whenever an untimely frost or local drought occurs, there simply isn't enough food. In some areas floods ruin the crops, and in others faulty irrigation systems break down. Transportation facilities are so poor that a

reasonably ample supply of food from one province cannot be sent into the distressed district in time to prevent suffering. When people are hungry and cold or when they are about to lose most of their life's savings by starvation of livestock, the communist propaganda that says "we would treat you much better" is a strong temptation. They capitalize on misery, and it works, powerfully.

RESOURCES POORLY CARED FOR

The conditions and circumstances that put the people of Iran on the verge of misery are easy to state but hard to correct. Most of the farm work is done by hand and hand tools, with one or two lean oxen, and a rooter for a plow. They lack labor-saving devices in the main. As a result, it takes eighty-five percent of the people to grow food and fiber, whereas in America sixteen percent grow food for themselves, for the other eighty-four percent, and for a sizable export of surplus. Iranians have no time to grow forage crops, and in severe winters twenty to thirty percent of the cattle and sheep die, and the others are emaciated beyond description.

Fuel, too, is inordinately scarce, even though oil is abundant, and low-grade coal is found in some quantity. To obtain fuel, Iranians mutilate the forests to make charcoal, largely wasting the lumber trees. Around the villages, plant cover is demolished to get sagebrush and other bushes for baking, and most animal manure is made into cakes and dried for winter

fuel. The scarce and valuable water is woefully wasted. Because the plant cover is badly damaged in large areas and almost destroyed near the villages and highways, floods are serious and soil erosion widespread.

It was the duty of the commission of which I was a member to develop practical plans for correcting these malpractices and to recommend how to increase production. Oil and coal were recommended for fuel, and this called for simple oil stoves and improvement of transportation facilities. The plant cover on watersheds must be saved; farm manure applied to the land instead of being burned; simple labor-saving devices provided; and good business principles encouraged. Health and sanitary services are abominable and must be rejuvenated. Schools need reorganizing and rebuilding.

In this they need help from America. They require some financial assistance, but not great amounts. Mostly, they need plain industry and practical "know-how" such as Utah pioneers used so effectively. They need a small group of scientific advisers in agriculture, sanitation, transportation, and business. Since Iran is more like the intermountain country, agricultural advisers from Utah and neighboring states would be most effective. They urgently need social guidance such as Latter-day Saints could give them. M.I.A. would have a great field in Iran, if the program were adapted. Anyway one looks at Iran, its people need our help in learning how to improve their living conditions.

ONE thinks of missionary work as something that goes on among strange people at the far-corners of the earth, and to indulge in it, one must be willing to leave the comforts of home, family, and friends, for periods up to two years or more. That is a very important part of mission activity; it was once, and that not long ago—the only side of the work. But today, as for the last decade, there has been a silent army of "soldiers of the Lord," not out in the far places, but spreading the word of the restored gospel, among their friends and neighbors, right around the corner from home, in the stakes of Zion.

We saw a report of their activities, as released by the First Council of the Seventy, embracing just the first seven 792

MISSIONARY WORK AT HOME

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

months of 1946. They had spent 203,427 hours in missionary work, or the equivalent of two elders laboring fifty-six hours every week for nearly thirty-five years. These stake missionaries had distributed, through lending or selling, 5,254 copies of the standard works of the Church, and had distributed 98,508 tracts and pamphlets. They had held 10,119 hall and cottage meetings. They had baptized 910 and confirmed them members of the Church. What is it the modern scriptures say about laboring

"... all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father!"

And what of the one of the scriptural hundred who had drifted away from the fold? These stake missionaries have brought 1,397 inactive members of the Church into activity during the seven-month period.

In July 1946, the last month for which a report is available, there were 2,326 missionaries active in the stakes of Zion. This number could easily be increased ten-fold, and the reward is always the same for each participating individual, "... how great shall be your joy ... in the kingdom of my Father!"



It was Tuba, chief of the Moqui tribe, who herded his sheep in the tumbled world of rock and sand.



ECHOES From The PAST

As told by S. J. Johnson to
Evelyn Wooster Viner

IN the year 1876 my father, Uncle Sam Johnson, and his wife Elvira (my mother) were called to labor among the Indians. They left the lush plains and flower-starred hills of Logan and drove the long, weary way to Moencope (old Tuba City), Arizona.

A number of other families were in the company, which was under the direction of Captain James Brown.

This new land of tortured rock, hot sun, and wild winds was strange and awesome. It was not long until the small group had snug homes of sandstone built, and they soon became accustomed to the new surroundings.

There were many Indians who grazed their sheep and cattle on the scanty vegetation of the vast wasteland which surrounded the little settlement. One day a blanket-wrapped, wrinkled Indian appeared at the door of the new home. He was Tuba, chief of the Moqui tribe, who herded his sheep out in the tumbled world of rock and sand.

My parents fed the old man and treated him kindly. After that he came often, and my mother never failed to have something for him to eat. This pleased the chief greatly, and soon he was a trusted friend. He gave my father an Indian name.

Often the chief sat with his white friends as twilight drew a kindly mantle across the tired land and the last rays of the departing

sun touched the tall, red cliffs with flames of living fire. It was then he would relate many strange events which had taken place in his tribe. One of his stories made a great impression on my parents, and they recorded it.

One time, the chief said, his people became lazy and wicked. They would not plant or tend the herds. Tuba was very sad because of it. As he sat, one evening, outside his house, grieving because of the evil ways into which his people had fallen, he saw an old man with a long, white beard approaching. He drew near and stopped in front of Tuba. The chief asked him to sit down, but the stranger refused, saying that he was busy and must hurry on.

He said he brought a message from God. He said Tuba should call his people together and instruct them to plant and take care of the herds, for if they did not, they would surely die during the three years of famine which was coming.

When the stranger had finished speaking, Tuba asked him if he would like a drink of water. The stranger replied that he would, but when Tuba turned to him with the water, the stranger was gone and was never seen again.

Tuba called the tribe together and delivered the message to them. Some of the people believed the chief and repented of their wicked ways. Many of them laughed and

refused to plant or help with the herds. Tuba planted all he could, but after the corn was up hail came, and after the hail, a hot, dry sun, and after that the wind, so that much corn was destroyed. But some of it matured in spite of the weather.

Tuba gathered a fair crop and stored it in a bin.

The next year there was no rain, and the wind blew. There was no corn among those who had not planted, and people died everywhere.

The women and children came to Tuba crying for corn, and he gave them all he had except that which he reserved for planting. Still more came crying for food so he gave them the seed corn.

The next morning when he went to his bin there was more corn in it. Every day he exhausted his supply, and every morning there was corn in the bin.

Then the people knew that the message which the old man had brought to their chief was true. They all repented and were blessed so that they lived until the famine was over and a new crop of corn matured.

Tuba told my parents that a long time ago three men were left on the earth. When his people were in trouble or sick at heart, one of them came to advise and help. He believed that the messenger who had warned him was one of them.

(Concluded on page 844)

ADVENTURE *into the* SUBSTANCE of PRAYER *and* INSPIRATION

By
Frank S. Wise

WHAT can we do in this highly scientific age to offer further confirmation of the beliefs of our fathers, and provide additional evidence to an ever-skeptical world concerning the reality of those things contained in the gospel? Paul's famous utterance concerning Faith has always seemed to have greater significance than usually gleaned from a casual reading of the scriptures. He tells us that "Faith is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." Dwell, if you will, for just a moment on those two words "substance" and "evidence." Both of these words have a very "solid" meaning. There was apparently no doubt in Paul's mind concerning the reality of Faith . . . here were experiences of "substance" which merited classification as "evidence."

There are many wonderful people in the world today whose faith has been strengthened by constant exercise to a point where appreciation of "things not seen" has become real knowledge. But to many of our youth, and the rest of us who are still trying to find our feet in a world filled with contradictory opinions and enticing, ungodly doctrines, it would seem that *any* honest approach which would seek to expand the concepts of our relationship with God should have some merit.

The so-called primitive peoples of the world have notoriously been slaves to superstition. Anything which they could not understand or control was automatically relegated to that part of their thinking reserved for things of a religious nature. Early explorers to the jungle people of Africa were looked upon as gods when they demonstrated an ability to make fire. So today, even though mankind has painfully wrested many secrets from nature's laboratory, some of those things which he still does not understand or is unable to control lie in the field of his religious thought and speculation. While we daily make

use of phenomena which would have been looked upon as miraculous a few decades ago, there is widespread disbelief, even ridicule, concerning the reality of spiritual experiences. With the example of radio before us, with its commonplace acceptance in our daily economy because its operation can now be satisfactorily explained and demonstrated, might it not follow that all things have a logical and orderly explanation, if only our intellects were sufficiently advanced to comprehend them?

LET us first examine the agencies through which we receive our impressions of the world about us. Known as the five senses, they are: sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell.* To help us evaluate our dependence on these five senses, let us visualize a hollow, soundproof sphere, inside which resides the spirit of man and for want of a better name, let us call this spirit Mr. Ego. Imprisoned within this sphere, Mr. Ego would be completely cut off from outside conditions if it were not for:

1. Sight—illustrated analogously in the form of two camera lenses which throw a picture on a screen inside the sphere, portraying within limits what is happening on the outside.

2. Hearing—represented by two microphones which pick up certain sounds outside the sphere and reproduce them inside over a loud-speaker to Mr. Ego.

3. Touch—may be roughly represented by having Mr. Ego feel the outline of some object which has been pressed into the wall of the sphere from the outside.

4. and 5. Taste and Smell may be linked together, as their functions are very similar and are illustratively represented by a light-trapped and soundproof grill in the sphere through which odors may penetrate from the outside.

*Another sense is sometimes included in a listing of this kind—the kinesthetic or muscular.

THROUGH these five senses or "channels of information" come nearly all the knowledge and learning concerning the outside world. To these senses let us add the motive ability given Mr. Ego to move about from place to place (represented by a steering wheel and a gearshift), and the faculty to communicate his thoughts to the outside world through a microphone and loud-speaker . . . called "speech."

It can be readily substantiated from what is already known concerning the nature of light waves, that our eyes (camera lenses), are limited in their response to what is known as the "visible spectrum." Thus they are able to record and pass on for Mr. Ego to see, only a very small portion of the total electro-magnetic energies which are constantly bombarding the outside of the sphere. The ultraviolet, infrared, gamma, radio, and X-rays, with many others beyond the borders of visual range, are not recorded by the eyes, *although they are composed of the same substance and are just as real as any of the rays within the visible spectrum!*

There are also limitations to the human perception of sound. The microphones (ears) given Mr. Ego to detect the presence of sounds outside the sphere only respond to a limited frequency range. We know conclusively from experimental data in this field that there is a wide band of sound-wave frequencies of which Mr. Ego is entirely unaware . . . not because they are not there, but because the human ear does not respond to them. Thus we must admit, without reservation, that there are sounds all around us *which we cannot ordinarily hear*—all this, quite apart from any physical imperfections of this organ which might prevent us from hearing what others are able to hear.

So also, the sense of touch is not infallible in passing on to Mr. Ego evidence of all material things outside the sphere. Matter is not

necessarily solid; liquids and gases are just as *real* as a lump of coal, yet the three of them have different effects on our "feeling" equipment.

The sense of smell comes to Mr. Ego's aid where his eyes and sense of touch leave off, for many gases have odor. Yet again, this sense is not infallible either, as there are known gases which have no odor or color at all, and are thus undetectable by any of the senses.

From these brief and simple examples, we have illustrated that, even when equipped with a perfect set of "senses," there are many things going on around us all the time of which we may be totally unaware. If we can accept this as a fact, then we are ready to go on to explore further the things which are usually thought of as being in the "spiritual realm."

Although the five senses are the only receptive organs which we can observe physically and adequately explain in terms of specific sensory reactions, man seems to have a very definite "sixth" sense. This sixth sense is sometimes referred to as "intuition"; at other times as "inspiration"; or even more commonly, as just a plain, ordinary "hunch." The presence of this additional means of receiving information from outside sources can hardly be denied, far too much positive evidence has accumulated to dismiss it as pure coincidence.

This so-called "sixth" sense appears to be more fully developed in some people than others, yet it would seem safe to assume that all human beings have the faculty in some degree or other. Like other functions of the body, it probably develops in direct proportion to the use to which it is put.

Medical science is inclined to admit that there may be something in the idea of a "sixth" sense, but since it has yet failed to locate or identify any specific organ with such powers, its positive existence cannot go on record as a scientific fact.

Turning again to the illustrative character of Mr. Ego, we are going to add another piece of equipment to his laboratory—a radio receiver! Here is an additional channel of information which, though it may not be founded on demonstrable scientific fact, offers a very plausible, and perchance truthful, ex-

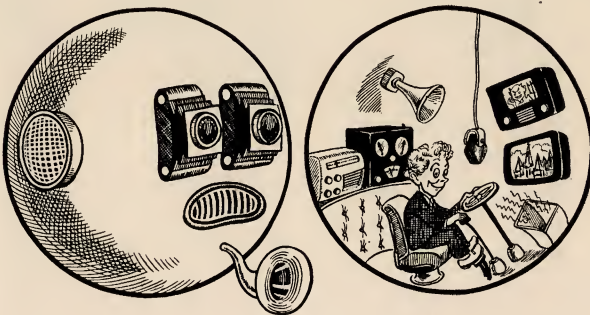
planation of the operation and use of a "sixth" sense.

In support of this supposition it may be well to remind ourselves that most of man's scientific instruments, which are based on human faculties (such as the camera and the microphone), are but very inferior copies of nature's own prototype of eye and ear. It is not unreasonable to assume therefore, that our bodies may be equipped with a radio receiver, operating on an as yet undiscovered frequency band!

Experiences will be called to mind by practically everyone, for at some time or other in their lives, they must have become aware of the operation of this "sixth" sense. If we find this as-

suming therefore that the ability to form some such link is present within each of us, it may be helpful to examine some religious happenings and problems in the light of our chosen analogy. Let us turn again then to Mr. Ego, and see in what way he will react to his radio equipment.

It is perhaps safe to assume that there are at least two very powerful stations which he can receive: one, under heavenly management, with the call letters GOOD, and the other, operated by Satan and his cohorts with the call letters EVIL. The selection of these signals would appear to be very much up to Mr. Ego, although it is possible that EVIL can cause considerable inter-



THE SPHERE AND MR. EGO

sumption to be plausible, it also follows that where there is a signal received, this same signal must have a source of origination. Here then we must again install another piece of equipment for Mr. Ego . . . a radio transmitter! Though perhaps not normally operated with conscious knowledge, it is possible that this human radio transmitter is constantly sending out messages.

So far, we have only considered the possibility of man's so-called "sixth" sense as operating on the human plane. There is however a much more challenging and logical reason for supposing that such a power really exists within each of us. It seems possible that this "sixth" sense, or radio link, might be the very same channel through which we receive divine inspiration, and over which we offer up our prayers and thanksgivings to God.

ference with the reception of GOOD.

Since both the radio loud-speaker and the reproducer of Mr. Ego's normal hearing equipment operate in the same room, the radio signals will be much better heard when all is quiet outside. It is easy to comprehend that our best opportunities for receiving inspiration would be when we are alone and unhampered by confusing sounds from outside sources. By concentration in an attitude of prayer and with careful tuning, one should be able to eliminate almost entirely the interfering voice of station EVIL and be able to hold two-way converse with those wonderful influences whose sole purpose it is to safeguard our happiness and well-being.

Remember when the boy Samuel heard a voice calling his name in

(Continued on page 838)



Mud, thick and gooe, looking like Mom's chocolate cake batter, oozed up cool between Snubby's toes. The water made a ripple, and tiny mud puffs formed umbrellas that slowly settled as he held very still. Sometimes fish from the dam got into irrigation ditches. Last summer Tony Greppo, down by Higgin's Creek, caught a trout in his hands, but it was so slippery that it flipped right back into the water. Bet he could have held on to it if it had been in *his* ditch. Snubby leaned way over and looked hard. No fish. He wriggled his toes and churned the water into a muddy cloud; then he moved back and lay on the ground, hidden from sight by the tall alfalfa. It smelled green and growing in the warm sun, and the clouds were lazy boats with puffed-out sails.

Up at the house everyone was bustling around getting the work done, and things in order so they could go to Big Pine Lake. Pa said as soon as the hay was all in, they'd go. Snubby's eyes squinted unhappily. He just couldn't let Pa know about Big Pine Lake. What if he said he was scared: so Pa

would want to know why; so he couldn't explain what he didn't know himself. Pa would just shake his head and say, "I can't understand this kid; he's scared of his own shadow."

There was a grasshopper on that tall blade of grass, and since Snubby was an old hand at catching grasshoppers, one hand moved silently, then nipped. Poor old grasshopper, twitching because he wanted to get away. It would be swell to have hoppers like that and hop all over. Bet you could make it clear to the meetin' house in about three big hops.

"Where's that lazy good-fer-nothin' kid?" It was Pa. He'd better high-tail it through the chicken yard. He carefully put the grasshopper back on his blade of grass and ran lickety-split toward the house, scattering the noisy hens in every direction as he ran.

Cluck—cluck—cluck—cut-cut-cut kadakut—s q u a w k—s q u a w k—swoosh! Silly old hens! Just as though he'd hurt 'em, and then feed 'em every day.

Mom was churning. Her clean apron was faded, but her eyes were as blue as Snubby's own, and the

marigold tucked in her hair made her look like a party. She kept that old dasher bobbing up and down to her singing.

Count your blessings
Name them one by one.
Count your blessings
See what God hath done—

Snubby couldn't remember Mom without a flower in her hair. Winter times it was a rose made out of crepe paper and waxed, but in summer the whole garden seemed to bloom just to be close to Mom.

Pa was nowhere to be seen. Snubby heaved a deep sigh of relief and edged over to the churn. "I'll spell you off, Mom," he offered, taking the dasher. She pulled one of his ears and bent to kiss the top of his head; didn't even say a word about his dirty hands; must not be lookin'. Up-down, up-down. Flies tickled his legs, and he scratched first one and then the other with a free foot.

"Mom," Snubby said suddenly, "I wish Pa liked me."

"Why, Snubby, 'course your Pa likes you. You're his, aren't you?"

Snubby shook his head slowly and spoke the thoughts of the

Your BLESSINGS

By Joy Wilcox Johnson

morning. "I think Pa loves me 'cause I'm his, but he don't like me, 'cause he ain't proud of me."

"Love and like, they're the same, son."

"No, they ain't, Mom. No, they ain't."

"Not 'ain't, Son—'aren't.'" It was an automatic statement.

"Well," Pumper shouted, "if you won't make these horses move, I will."

The screen door slammed shut and then creaked open a little crack. It was Pa! Snubby felt his face getting warm, and he knew it was brick red as usual. How he hated it, and to see him uneasy made Pa madder'n anything, but Snubby couldn't help it. He was just plain scared around Pa. It was a funny kind of being scared; kinda like when he was scared of the dark because he couldn't see in the corners. Then one time at night Mom carried a lamp into the room, and he could see everything was right as it belonged. He wasn't afraid any more. It was that way with Pa, only the lamp always seemed to be just out of sight. Now he kept his eyes hard on the hole where the dasher was, and pumped faster. Pa was right; he was just a "boob." He always acted like one. The boy was ashamed.

"Snubby," Pa said, "hitch up old Bess and Queen. You'll have to go for water."

"Ye mean me, Pa?" The boy's mouth dropped open, and his eyes were wide with astonishment. Go for water? Why, that was a grown man's job. It was an hour to the water house, an hour to fill up the big tank, and an hour home.

Pa picked up the dipper and took a long drink, watching Snubby over the rim, then wiped his mouth on his sleeve from cuff to elbow. His eyes were smiling. "Better shut yer mouth 'fore ye catch all the flies," he laughed. It had been a long

time since Snubby had heard Pa laugh, and it sounded as rusty as the barn door hinges. "And get a hustle on. Ya gotta get back fer milkin'!"

Mom was frowning, and Snubby knew she thought he was too young to go. Gee whillikers, he was big, ten last birthday, and he'd helped Pa with the horses since he was six. One good thing though, Mom never argued with Pa.

"Fore you go, Snubby, come on in and get scrubbed up. Can't have you go off lookin' like an orphan." Mom always sounded gruff when she was worried.

THAT old water tank looked kinda big, and Snubby felt awfully little perched up on the high seat all alone. His freckled face was scrubbed, and his straw-colored hair had been flattened as much as an unruly mop could be with water and comb. He'd shimmied into



Last summer Tony Greppo, down by Higgin's Creek, caught a trout in his hands.

clean overalls, faded, but with just one patch over the knee.

"Bye, Mom." He wriggled impatiently, excitement beaming from his crinkled blue eyes. "Don't fret about nothin'."

"You be careful, Snubby. Just go straight there and straight

home." She stepped one foot up on the brake shoe and balanced while she kissed him.

As far as Snubby could see, Mom stood by the gate, and as he reached the hilltop that carried him out of their own little valley, she waved something white. Snubby was on his own—a man in a man's world. So this was what big folk were always so proud about; bein' big and sittin' on a wagon. Well, it was a good, important feeling; kinda proud-like, like the way he felt when Pa, all dressed up in his best blue suit and red necktie, got up and talked in Sunday meetin'.

The old dirt road that wandered snake-like from the hill's crest was shaded by weeping willows and green branches, and the sun made a pattern on the road like the lace on Mom's wedding dress that was packed in a box upstairs. It was a beautiful dress, silvery and lacy. Grandma Waller sometimes told about Mom's wedding; biggest in the county, and Mom with her hair all curled, dancing, and laughing. Someway Snubby remembered how Mom used to laugh a lot, but now she was always tired or worried. It was that way with all of them now. They used to be happy and laughing all the time—together, somehow. Now, everyone was sober and uneasy; like bein' in the wrong house. Someday he'd get Mom the prettiest dress in the mail order catalogue to wear to church, a real red one with a beautiful purple bow. Then maybe she'd laugh, and everything would be right again.

As he passed the last tree, the whole valley spread out around him like a patchwork quilt, warm and comfortable, bordered by bare brown hills on the close side, and by snow-tipped mountains, purple and hazy in the distance. The blocks were irregular in shape, cut from the scraps left by busy farmers and nature—sunflowers in a pie-shaped wedge that ended on the

(Continued on following page)

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

(Continued from preceding page)

slopes of the mountain; warm brown furrows freshly plowed, alfalfa just at the cutting stage, and yellow grain, always moving like living sunshine.

There was the newly-painted white fence by the Anderson farm. Snubby sat very tall and straight, trying to look big as Pa, and waved to the three towheaded kids standing open-mouthed in the yard. You bet it was pretty good to be goin' somewhere all right, and doin' a man's work.

"Hullo there!" Oh, gee, it was Pumper Bogart calling from the barn, and half running down the road. Big bulky Pumper, wheezing like his name, stopped at the gate, and the vague uneasiness Snubby always felt around Pa crept over him again; only, as he always felt when he was around this man, there was a pushing against his memory that wrinkled his forehead. He squinted his eyes and grasped for something just past his memory. It was like reading the Bible, made his eyes and head hurt just tryin' to understand it.

"Oh, Snubby!" Pumper looked surprised. "I thought it wuz yer Pa. Goin' into town?"

"Only goin' as fer as the water house," Snubby said, pouting a little, hoping that Pumper would not want to ride.

"I kin hitch a ride on in from there."

Snubby nodded his consent, and Pumper climbed up. It was funny; there was no reason not to like Pumper. He was right pleasant—sometimes. Now he began to play softly on his harmonica, and it sounded mighty pretty. Mom said he was shiftless, and Pa said he was yellow-livered. Snubby had heard Grandma Waller snort that you never could count on what he'd do next. But these were just words, not part of Snubby's dislike. Trouble was, Pumper sometimes was full of jokes and laughs, and then he'd switch and there'd come a look that would make Snubby feel sick at his stomach, it was such a hating look.

Snubby Snubbins stubbed his toe, Chasin' a bull frog to and fro.

Snubby laughed, and Pumper ha-ha'd. The boy quit trying to

figure it all out and relaxed in the happy present. After all, this was his day. He could prove himself to Pa.

Snubby had often heard Pumper sing on, piling verse on verse, all of his own rhyming, for an hour or more, but now Pumper's eyes narrowed, and he settled back gloomily. He was changed. His fingers began nervously to drum on the seat.

Snubby hummed the chorus. "Buzz along, buzz buzz; buzz along buzz buzz—"

"Can'tcha make these horses get a move on? They're slower than cold molasses," Pumper exclaimed impatiently.

"Gee up, Bessie, gee up, Queen," Snubby coaxed, and gently flicked their backs with the reins. It was a warm, soggy day, and the horses plodded along at their own speed, ignoring human attempts at persuasion. "Too hot," Snubby remarked.

"Bet they'd move if I was drivin'; never saw a pair of horses yet that wouldn't move fer me."

Snubby set his lips tightly together and didn't answer. He looked down at the fields where men were working. Haying time was a busy time. He wondered who was riding the derrick horse at home. It wasn't so far to the water house, and it would be a real relief to get rid of Pumper.

It was their last hill, not so steep, but warm and steady. Rhythmically the horses plodded along with drooping heads. Pumper stirred

impatiently and swore beneath his breath. It was an ugly sound, and the boy, his heart beginning to pound, looked away. Suddenly the reins were jerked from his hands, the leather burning through his fingers. "Well," Pumper shouted, "if you won't make these horses move, I will. Sniveling snakes! We could sit here till the cows come home."

Snubby was too surprised to speak, and the fear that crept over him felt like a lead ball in his stomach. Pumper grasped the whip, the fancy one Pa always kept in the whip stand but never used. He lashed out at Queen, and she started nervously. Back and forth, he swung his blows, moving in a sort of frenzied rhythm. His words became wilder, and the horses strained nervously on the hill. Suddenly Snubby felt that he just must act. He made a wild grab for the reins. "Pumper, you stop that."

The big man whirled around. "Sit down!" he snarled, eyes black and crazy looking.

"Stop it, I say! You can't hit my horses." The boy grabbed for the reins and missed.

Pumper slapped him! It was his cheek that remembered—his cheek that tingled with pain from a blow so hard that it knocked him to the floor of the wagon; that deep humiliation that washed over his whole body like a fever. This had happened before; this was what he had tried to remember, and he'd been scared.

But now he wasn't scared. Snubby was mad. He wasn't any boob to go crying home to Mom. He was a man that Pa trusted to do a man's work. He scrambled up and blazed out at Pumper even stronger than before. "Pumper, you sit down. I'm in charge here."

"Ha, a little brat like you tellin' me?" But the man's voice was faltering, and his whip hand lowered a little. Suddenly the man brushed one hand across his eyes and slowly shook his head.

"I said sit down!" It may have been the fierceness in Snubby's eyes or the unafraid ring to his voice; or perhaps Pumper's crazy temper had raged itself out and disappeared as quickly as it had

(Continued on page 842)

FALL PLOWING

By Manfred A. Carter

THE tractor crawls, an endless worm,
down rows
Of clinging earth turned smooth to hold
the sky;
The circling weeds are gold, and crimson
shows,
While silent birch and maple leaves still
cry
The wonder of a season moving on.
The farmer pulls a black hat brim and
stares
At sullen earth and thinks of summer gone;
He works the earth, and not the sky, on
shares.

Perhaps he sees the evergreens and stones,
But not the dancing frenzy of the fall;
He stirs a secret where a dog hid bones
But does not hear the shining autumn call.
To serve the earth is summer's urgent need,
But bright woods are a glory man should
heed.

A MISSIONARY'S

FAITH

By Rudolph W.
Van Norden

It was about seven on a Sunday morning when I pulled away from the hotel in Fresno, heading for San Francisco. I was alone. While driving slowly past beautiful Roeding Park, near the northern limits of the city, my attention was attracted, because of his peculiar garb, to a youngish hiker walking along the highway. He was wearing a black suit and a black felt hat and was carrying a brown leather briefcase. The man looked backward once at the sound of my approaching car, but continued his stride. He had given no arm signal, but my curiosity was aroused as to why one so somberly clad might be hitchhiking at this early hour on a Sunday.

When I caught up with him, I stopped the car, opened the right-hand door and shouted an invitation to ride. The young man turned, smiled, and stepped toward the car, seating himself beside me as he greeted me pleasantly. I returned his greeting and then observed, "My friend, you are getting an early start. Whither are you bound?"

"To Merced," he replied.

To which I hastily rejoined: "I am very sorry, but I am turning west at Califa Junction. I am en route to San Francisco, and the most direct route is via the Pacheco Pass and Gilroy. The junction is only about half-way to Merced."

"That's all right, I'll get another lift," he answered. "You see, I take this trip every Sunday. I am an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and conduct a service in Merced at ten-thirty. In the afternoon I return to Fresno for another service."

"But, my friend," I expostulated, "it is sixty miles from Fresno to Merced. Leaving Fresno would give you only three and one-half hours. Can you count on hitch-



hiking and be there on time every Sunday? Do you not sometimes travel by bus, or the train?"

SMALL BOY WATCHING A TRAIN

By Marijane Morris

THE dream within his eyes is real: More real
Than ball or bat that rests beside his feet.
The rush and roar, the strain of steel on steel
Is now . . . today is far off, incomplete.

He's Casey Jones with time that must be made
Or fighting through a storm of blinding rain;
He's at the throttle puffing up a grade,
Then sounding thin, long wails that mean a train.

Now home, end of the line, the run is through;
Tomorrow is so surely in his eyes.
His dream as dreams well kept so often do
Become reality with no surprise.

With a chuckle the young elder shook his head. "No," he replied. "For more than two years I have taken this trip every Sunday. I have never missed, nor have I been late. You see, we elders pay our own way and have little money for travel or living expenses."

My astonishment at this seemingly naive statement was only tempered by the man's earnestness. A tinge of incredulity in my voice, I inquired: "Would you mind telling me how you manage to do it?"

He turned and faced me, his deep-set earnest eyes looking squarely into mine as he answered my almost flippant query. "I don't; God does it."

That answer was unexpected and, after a moment, I said to him in a very subdued voice, "Well, I wish I might have your faith," to which he, while gazing steadily at me, replied very gently and with a flashing smile, "You can. It's free."

Followed then a most interesting outline of the duties and responsibilities of an L.D.S. missionary until, only too quickly, the roadside pointer ahead told us that we had reached the turnoff. As the young elder alighted and started walking north, I shouted, "I hope you make it O.K.," and he waved his arm as he turned and yelled back: "Sure, I'll make it."

Rounding the turn I could look back over the long, straight, level highway whence we had come. On the horizon appeared a black spot that grew rapidly into a large black sedan traveling very fast. Again my now chastened curiosity was aroused, and I stopped my car and waited, muttering to myself, "That car is going too fast; it is not going to stop! I'm afraid the elder will be late this time!"

The young man had glanced around to observe the fast approaching sedan, but continued his progress. There was no signal. Then the unexpected happened: The driver of the big car must have changed his mind quickly, for the car came to a skidding, squealing stop, the door opened, and the young man stepped in. In another moment the big car was speeding on its way. The young elder's best friend had not failed him.

A Journey Towards Faith—



For Youth

IT WAS because I changed the water in the goldfish bowl—I know that. You see, Aunt Sue had asked me to tend Mary Ellen and the baby while she went shopping. I went over there right after lunch. She told me about changing the water just as she was leaving—

"Oh, Cathie," she said as if she had just remembered, "would you mind changing the water in the fish bowl? Just be sure you do it while the baby's asleep." Then she smiled, her hand on the doorknob, one foot on the front porch—and looking so pretty in her pink summer suit. "I wouldn't want him to get ideas about the water in the fish bowl."

With that she closed the door and was gone. I watched her from the window. She walked down the path to the sidewalk and then turned to go over to the bus stop.

Maybe before I tell any more, I should say something about myself. My name is Cathie Morrison—I'm eighteen (and look even older, I think), have blonde hair (almost blonde, that is), and sort of blue-gray eyes. Really, I'm not too bad looking. I've looked at myself ruthlessly in the mirror, and in spite of the fact that my nose turns up, I'm fairly attractive. I live with my mother and father, have attended the university for one year—have

a young brother (who is the *bane* of my life)—and my own room, which I have just painted chartreuse to match the brunch coat Grannie gave me for my birthday.

Oh, yes—I'm a Latter-day Saint. That's important to the story. I used to sort of laugh when I admitted I was a Latter-day Saint. After I had the class from Professor Drake, that is. He made me feel a fool for believing in a God I hadn't seen or heard—and in life after death and all those things.

Honestly, he could make you feel like an utter drip! He was tall and gray-haired—but with black beetling brows—(I hope they're "beetling." I've never known what the word meant.) His are thick (eyebrows, I mean)—and black and shaggy, and when he'd say something sarcastic about God and religion—and then mention something awfully scientific that scientists claimed to have proved—well, I used to feel like a dilly for believing in the gospel. I used to think Mother and Dad were out-and-out ignorant to go to Church and have family prayers and do temple work and so on.

That is—until the goldfish bowl episode. See, we're back to that now. I've told you enough about me, haven't I? Aunt Sue is Mother's youngest sister, and I often tend her two children to earn a little money for school. Okay—now for the goldfish bowl. After Aunt Sue had gone, I tiptoed into the bedroom to see if the baby was covered (he wasn't). Then I looked for Mary Ellen. She was all right. She was playing hopscotch with the twins across the street. Then I carried the fish bowl into the kitchen. The two fish, named Red Light and Yellow Light (don't ask me *why!*) swam frantically around as I walked. I placed the bowl on the kitchen sink, found the little net Aunt Sue "fishes" them out with (clever, no?)—and filled another bowl with water to put them in.

I remember thinking how awful

life must be in one bowl all your life—with *water* in it at that! I had an awful time getting the big golden one (that's Red Light—he's fat—looks like a blimp) back in the goldfish bowl again after I'd cleaned it and refilled it. Yellow Light flopped in easy as fun. (Yellow Light is skinny.) Then I carried the bowl back into the den and put it on the table. That's all I did. Honestly. But I'm sure that that's why it all happened.

That night in getting ready for bed, I washed out my sox, scrubbed my teeth, and put up my hair. (If it would just look like June Allyson wears hers!) I remember thinking, just as I dropped off to sleep, that I hadn't said my prayers. I felt a little guilty about it—and then I thought, just before I dropped off—oh, well, if Professor Drake is right, there isn't a God anyway—and that's the last I remember.

Then I had the dream. In this dream I was aware first of being in a gray place—everything about me was gray. When I moved my hand to reach out, I found I couldn't move as rapidly as usual. Then, suddenly, it dawned on me. I was in water. For a moment, I was terrified. I would surely drown—but oddly enough, I seemed to have no trouble at all in breathing. After a few minutes (during which I was simply petrified!), I realized there was nothing to fear after all. I would not drown.

I looked around myself and saw, to my surprise, that I was in the water in the goldfish bowl. I remember tiny details—I could see Aunt Sue's turquoise lamp through the water, tall and wavery it was, but there was no mistaking it. It was the lamp, all right. Behind me, a branch of her big fern touched the glass. Yes, I was in the fish bowl. The water around me moved, and it swayed me. Looking quickly to the right, I saw the fish. Close up, they were horrible-looking, big, cold, goggle-eyed, with their gills slowly opening and closing. Their



THE Goldfish BOWL

By Luacine Clark Fox



fins were like sheer nylon, moving gracefully in the water—

"Come on," said the fish, "and I'll tell you about it." In the dream it didn't seem a bit odd to me that the fish should be talking. I just looked to see if, by any chance, he was speaking to me.

He wasn't. He was calling to the fish behind him. I saw now that the fish who had spoken was Yellow Light. Red Light looked even more like a blimp close at hand this way.

Apparently they couldn't see me, for if I hadn't moved to one side, Yellow Light would have bumped into me. I don't believe they could hear me, either, for I called after them. If they heard me, they certainly ignored me, for neither seemed to know of my existence. I watched them.

"You see," said Yellow Light, looking goggly-eyed at Red Light, "this glass world in which we live is the great center of the universe."

I stifled a giggle. That's how much *he* knew!

"Who made it?" the other fish wanted to know.

"Nobody did."

That was a lie. I don't know how fish bowls are made—but I know they're made. Even *I* know *that*.

"Then," asked Red Light, confused, "how did it come to be?"

You should have heard the explanation! Something about air being massed together in such quantities and under such pressure that the inside air was liquefied and the outside air became hardened. Well, maybe pressure did have

something to do with making a glass bowl—or heat—or something. But someone regulated it—organized it. *Someone made it.* Red Light listened respectfully to the explanation. If he failed to understand it, he gave no sign.

"What's above us and around us?"

Yellow Light told him that as far as he could discover there was a "gaseous water" that changed color at different altitudes. I looked up and had to smile. You could see why he'd think so. Beginning at the water level, and from there on up you could see the rose-colored draperies. And around the room were pictures you could see—the turquoise walls and white ceiling—. I giggled at air being called "gaseous water."

"Where does light come from?"

That was a good one. Yellow Light had the answer, though. He motioned with a fin up to the chandelier.

"There," he stated authoritatively, "is the source of all light. Whenever that shines, it seeps down through the gaseous water until the water is saturated. Then everything gets dark—so heavy and dense is the saturation. As the density thins out—things become light once more. Then as dark descends, the light—with another upward flip—"shines forth again."

"Come on," said the fish, "and I'll tell you about it."

Red Light was impressed. I tried to make them hear. I wanted to tell them that they were looking at a measly chandelier, that our source of light came from the sun, and furthermore, that in space there were millions of suns, millions of times larger than ours. They didn't pay the slightest heed.

Yellow Light asked the purpose of the bowl they lived in. (Only he called it a "world.")

"It has no purpose," he was informed.

"Don't be silly," I spluttered. "It's a goldfish bowl made for fish to swim in."

Yellow Light was continuing with an air of condescension. "You may have imagined there was some underlying purpose in all this, but there isn't."

"But, why," Red Light persisted, "are we here? Where did we come from? Why are we in this particular place?"

I could have told them everything. About Mary Ellen's birthday, about Aunt Sue buying two fish from the ten-cent store as a present; about Granny furnishing the "world" fish bowl from her basement. (The bowl used to belong to Uncle Jack, I think.) I could have explained the whole thing.

Yellow Light waved his tail slowly to and fro, "My dear fish," he

(Concluded on following page)

THE GOLDFISH BOWL

(Concluded from preceding page)

said solemnly, "we are here by chance. We had no other existence than this." (Oh, yeah! I thought—you've forgotten the tent store.) "We are here because this is the center of the universe. True life exists nowhere else. There are no other worlds. Only the food-cloud that drops down our food each day has a form of life, derived from the light source. That is our best explanation to date."

I was speechless. "Food-cloud!" That must be Aunt Sue's hand. No life elsewhere! No other world! I thought of the other rooms in the house they had never seen. I thought of the other houses in the block—of all the blocks that make up a city.

"A city!" I thought with its schools, its buildings, trees, flowers, the millions of people. My mind leaped from that to the earth itself, which was only a planet in the universe, and the numberless other universes.

If there was only some way to tell them, some way to communicate to them! I looked at them. Yellow Light had stopped talking now. They were both lying motionless, save for an occasional wave of fin, at the bottom of the pool.

How? I shrugged my shoulders. There was no way under heaven to explain our world and the purpose of man to the brain of a fish. In their fish bowl world, it was better that they just accept what they could and take the rest on faith—they wouldn't understand it if you explained it to them.

* * *

I heard the birds twittering. When I opened my eyes the windows were pale blue with the first light of dawn.

I lay there in bed—not smiling—not even sleepy—and not even being surprised that I wasn't. The outlines of furniture and pictures in my room were sharpening—colors were becoming recognizable.

What a funny dream. And yet it wasn't funny. You see, now I had the answer. After Professor Drake had taught us what he did and poked sly fun at us for believing in a God, I got sort of mixed up. Oh, I wanted to believe the Church was true, but—I didn't want to be ignorant. If it was a hoax, I wanted to know about it.

Mother had told me to pray and promised me that if I did, the Lord would answer my prayer. She told me about Joseph Smith again. (You know, going into the woods to ask God which church was right?)

So I prayed a week ago. I remember I felt foolish about it. I didn't know how to say it, and I didn't have much faith in myself. The Lord must have known I really wanted to know, though. He answered my questions.

If you haven't already figured out the answer, it is this: Just because we can't see a thing needn't mean that it doesn't exist. Like the goldfish! Because they hadn't seen the one who made their bowl, they didn't believe anyone had. They thought everything came to them by chance. They couldn't see the purpose behind anything, not while they were living in a fish bowl and spending their lives in water. Get the point?

Now, here we are, refusing to believe in a God because he isn't visible, saying our universe happened by chance! Don't you see? We can't see the purpose behind anything around us, either. We're tied to a single, dinky world, limited to what we see, hear, feel, taste, and smell. How should we be expected to know and comprehend the mind and will of the Lord?

Honestly, it's so clear to me, now. Just think of yourself as the goldfish—and the Lord as a man trying to explain—oh, say—well, astronomy or botany to you. You, as a fish, wouldn't understand it at all. You couldn't.

No. There in the early morning after my dream I figured it out. The Lord—who has created many worlds—who is not bound by time—whose body is resurrected and glorious—tells us exactly what he knows we can understand, and the rest we'll just have to take his word for and have faith in. Thank heavens for his prophets who can tell us what he needs and wants us to know. The fish didn't even have that. You can see, now, why it's important to be a Latter-day Saint.

Well—that's all I wanted to tell you. I don't know how well I've told it. Miss Lewis would probably rate it a "D" if I wrote it for a theme. I wanted to tell it to you, though.

I guess this story should have a point. If it has—or if it has a moral—I think it would be this—

Don't be a goldfish in a bowl. It isn't worth it!

Brigham Young Said: "This Is the Place"

Suffice it to say, that five years ago this day, the Pioneers approached this valley, with their implements of husbandry, &c., which were represented by them in the procession today. We came here for the purpose of finding a place to set our feet, where we could dwell in

peace. That place we have found. If the Saints cannot enjoy that peace which is so dear to them here, I would say that I am ignorant of the spot on the earth where they can. Where could a place have been found where we might enjoy freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of worship? If not in these mountains, I am ignorant of the place.

July 24, 1852 (in honor of the fifth anniversary)

When we demonstrate a truth, we demonstrate a portion of the faith, law, or power by which all intelligent beings exist, whether in heaven or on earth, consequently when we have truth in our possession we have so much of the knowledge of God. I delight in this, because truth is calculated to sustain itself; it is based upon eternal facts and will endure, while all else will, sooner or later, perish.

Brigham Young

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

LIBERTY is my birthright blessing of heaven. One of the glorious fruits of the gospel of Jesus Christ is liberty or freedom of self. Freedom is inseparably connected with God and his world representative—Jesus the Christ. Liberty is coeval with God. The gospel of the ages is rooted in the divine principle of freedom. Man's full liberty can only be protected and guaranteed by the personal application of the divine character of liberty—the gospel of life and salvation. Obedience to "the perfect law of liberty" must be the habit of one who would be free.

It seems to be evident that never in the history of man has the fallen son of God and his agencies used such conspiring designs to wrest from man his liberty, as are now launched forth in the world. Christ and his eternal program for world liberty shall not fail. He was opposed in pre-Eden times to taking away the free agency of man. In the history of the ages, one thing is resplendently clear, and that is—that God desired to guarantee to every man and woman, liberty. Christ became in the beginning the divine champion of the cause of liberty. His gospel has been and now is the only sure way to liberate us from evil, ignorance, harmful

habits, totalitarian designs, and spiritual darkness.

Paul taught the Saints in his day the glorious truth as to the source of liberty when he said: "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (II Cor. 3:17.) Any institution or man that takes away from the people their free agency and their liberty is not of God. Modern programs in Europe and, I must say, in America—both Canada and the United States, have launched their schemes and in so doing attempt to lull us to sleep by the oft-repeated refrain of how beneficial their purposes are—yet, they seek to take

away from man his liberty and his free agency. Such are the recent agents of the rejected and fallen son of God.

Pahoran taught us in the first century B.C., "the Spirit of God . . . is also the spirit of freedom." (Alma 61:15.) That is in harmony with the plan and program from the beginning. James taught the Saints of former days that the gospel of Christ is "the perfect law of liberty." (James 1:25.) No one can project anything which will be equal or superior to the "perfect law of liberty." That "perfect law of liberty"—the gospel of the Lord, Jesus Christ—has been restored in this our day in implicit fulness. It is here in the world for the perfecting of the Saints in the principles of freedom and eternal liberty. The Psalmist knew the way to liberty because he said, "And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts." (Psalms 119:45.) The author of all liberty made man a promise as recorded by John, as follows, "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.)

Under the inspiration of heaven, the modern American prophet, Joseph Smith, counseled us to "Abide ye in the liberty wherewith ye are made free; entangle not yourselves in sin, but let your hands be clean, until the Lord comes." (D. & C. 88:86.)

Also, "I, the Lord God, make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free." (Ibid. 98:8.)

Paraphrastically expressing it, there is a law irrevocably decreed, which is older than the world, upon which liberty or personal freedom

(Concluded on page 814)

LIBERTY—

THROUGH THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST

By Floyed G. Eyre

PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN MISSION



LEHI IN THE DESERT

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X CONCLUSION

WATCHING Lehi's travel-worn band wending its way down those delectable mountains to the sea, one is moved to reflect that they have come an unconscionably long way just to build a ship. Well, let the reader suggest some other route. The best guide to Arabia at the time of the writing of the Book of Mormon imagined forests and lakes in the center of Arabia,²⁹⁹ while insisting that the coasts of that land were "a rocky wall . . . as dismal and barren as can be: not a blade of grass, or a green thing" to be found.³⁰⁰ The Book of Mormon reverses the picture and has Lehi avoid the heart of the continent to discover smiling woodlands on the southern coast. Where else could Lehi have found his wood on the coast? "It is quite probable," writes a present-day authority, "that Solomon had to transport his ships, or the material for them, from the Mediterranean, for where on the shores of the Red Sea could timber be found for ship-building?"³⁰¹

And by what other route could Lehi have reached his happy shore? The terrain is more passable in the north, but he could not have crossed north Arabia and then followed the east coast, for to do so he would have had to pass through strong and hostile kingdoms: the northern route was closed to him for political reasons. Equally impossible for the same reasons would have been a move to the west: the Mediterranean was a world of closed harbors and closed seas. A direct route cutting diagonally across the peninsula would have taken the party away from the game-filled mountains of the coast and forced them to travel through what we now know to be difficult desert country, journeying three times as far in the sands as they actually did—and that was the limit of their endurance. Nor could they have followed the coast all the way, because the

whole southwestern corner of the peninsula, which Lehi avoided even at the price of traversing part of the terrible Empty Quarter, comprised the kingdom of the Sabaeans, probably the strongest, richest, and most thickly settled state Arabia has ever had.

So, long and painful though it was, Lehi's itinerary turns out to have been actually the shortest and safest, if not the only one he could possibly have taken.

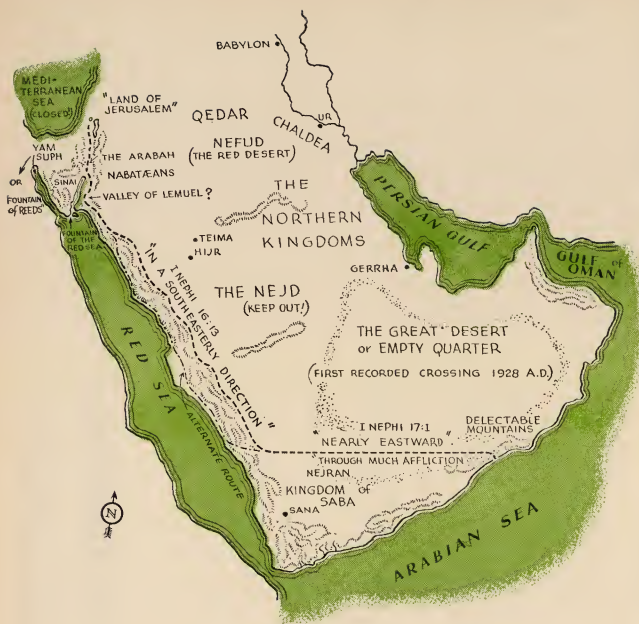
On the shore of the Arabian Sea the story of Lehi in the Desert properly ends. Though this has been but a preliminary telling, still there is enough to justify certain reflections by way of summary.

SOME GENERAL CONCLUSIONS

We have never been very much interested in "proving" the Book of Mormon, for us its divine provenance has always been an article of faith, and its historical aspects by far the *least* important thing about it. But the "world" insists that it is a gross and stupid forgery, a bare-faced fraud perpetrated by an ignorant rustic who could hardly write his name. They have made the charge; let them prove it. That should be very easy indeed if they are right, since the accused has committed himself in no uncertain terms and at unsparing length. The nature of the document he pretended to be translating is so singular and the conditions it must fulfill so unique and exacting, that its composer must certainly be convicted at a glance if he is lying. On the other hand, if his writing shows *any tendency at all* to conform to the peculiar conditions prescribed, its critics must be put to a good deal of explaining, and if it shows a *constant tendency* to conform to those difficult conditions, its critics will be bankrupt. We believe that this little study, tentative and limited as it is, nonetheless indicates such a tendency beyond reasonable doubt.

What has been proved? Simply that everything which the Book of 1 Nephi says happened *really could* have happened. Not that it *did* happen: to prove that is neither necessary nor possible. Unique events in history can never be reconstructed with certainty; but characteristic, repeated events—manners, customs, rituals, etc., things that happen not just once but again and again in familiar patterns—may be the object of almost absolute certainty. Hence they, and not specific particulars, are the hardest things to fake; in testing forgeries and identifying documents it is the general pattern that is all-important.³⁰² If a man claims, for instance, that he overheard a particular conversation or witnessed a certain act in Tahiti, we are wasting our time trying to reconstruct the particular event (which could happen anywhere) if only we can prove that the man was never in Tahiti—and on that head a few casual but searching questions will turn the trick. So in talking about Lehi in the Desert we have, as it were, put the old patriarch on the stand as a witness in the case of Joseph Smith versus the world. Joseph Smith has been accused of fraudulent practices, and Lehi is a witness for the defense. He claims to have spent years in certain parts of the Near East about 2550 years ago. Is he telling the truth?

Generations of shrewd and determined prosecutors have failed to shake Lehi's testimony or catch him contradicting himself. That should be enough to satisfy the most critical. But now, lo and behold! Out of the dust come new witnesses—Captain Hoshaiiah of Lachish, a host of sunburned explorers returned from Lehi's deserts to tell us what life there is like, the ancient poets of the Arabs—and with them crates and crates of exhibits, A to Z, seals, inscriptions, letters, artifacts from Lehi's own homeland. Whoever dreamed that Lehi would one day be



confronted with eyewitnesses to the very scenes he claims he saw? In the light of all this new evidence, the defense asks that the case be reopened.

So Lehi and the new-found witnesses are cross-examined and their answers compared. The questions come thick and fast: What is your name? Don't you know there is no such personal name? (A shard is produced from Lehi's time and place, and it bears the name *Lehi*—quite common in those parts.) Where did you live at the time? What do you mean, "land of Jerusalem"? Don't you mean the city? (Defense produces an ancient letter showing that the territory around the city was all known as the land of Jerusalem in ancient times.) Who governed Jerusalem? What kind of men were they? What did you do to turn them against you? Where did you get this great wealth you talk about? How did you happen to learn Egyptian? Wasn't that a waste of time? Why didn't you learn Baby-

lonian? What was all the trouble about in your family? I have quite a list of names here—your purported family and descendants: Do you expect the court to believe these are genuine? If this is a genuine list, why are there no Baal names in it? What is this expression, "the Lamb," you use—don't you know it is only found very late? (Defense produces example from the eighth century B.C.) You say you had dreams: about what? A river? What kind of river? What is this weird "mist of darkness"? Did you ever see anything like it when you were awake? (Dozens of witnesses testify.) Don't you think a dream is pretty slim pretext for leaving your country? In which direction did you flee? How could you build up a big caravan without being apprehended? What did you take with you? How did you travel—on foot? How did you manage to survive with women and children in a terrible desert? How did you manage to escape being killed off by raiders? What did you eat? Did

you march continually? When you camped, what was the first thing you did? What kind of altar? What sort of game did you hunt? Where? How? Who did the hunting? Your son made a bow, you say; where in desolate Arabia could he find wood for that? What right had you to go around giving new names to places? Do you think any sane person would give a river and its valley different names? (Roar of protest from Arab witnesses.) Whoever called the Red Sea a fountain? Don't you know that there are no rivers in Arabia? This little speech you gave to your sons on the river bank—isn't that whole story a bit farfetched? (More protest from the Bedouins.) Don't you thing it rather silly to describe a valley as "firm and steadfast"? Where did your sons stay when they went back to Jerusalem? What about this cave? You say the record was on metal plates. Isn't that a rather clumsy way to keep records? Aren't fifty men a ridiculously small garrison for a city like Jerusalem? You describe nocturnal meetings between the elders and the commandant: Wouldn't it be much more sensible to hold meetings by day? Do you want the court to believe that you actually carried grain with you on this long and exhausting journey? Are you trying to tell the court that you found a paradise on the southernmost rim of the most desolate land on earth?²⁹⁰

And so on, and so on. The reader may add to the list of searching questions at will—there are well over a hundred, and most of them such questions as *no one on earth* could have answered correctly 120 years ago. The writer of I Nephi was confronted by a hundred delicately interrelated problems of extreme difficulty. The probability of coming up with a plausible statement by mere guesswork once or twice is dim enough, but the chances of repeating the performance a hundred times in rapid succession are infinitely remote. The world through which Lehi wandered was to the westerner of 1830 a quaking bog without a visible inch of footing, lost in impenetrable fog; the best Bible students were hopelessly misinformed even about Palestine.²⁹¹ Yet we find

(Continued on following page)

LEHI IN THE DESERT

(Continued from preceding page)

our guide confident and sure-footed, never retracing his steps to change his course, never hesitating a moment or seeking refuge in vague and non-committal vaporings, never begging to be excused and lamely falling back on an appeal to be understood in a "religious" sense only, never moving behind a smoke screen or becoming consciously or unconsciously confusing or involved.

The present treatment of the Lehi story leaves much to be desired (we can afford to crave the reader's indulgence for using the term *Jew* too freely or engaging in rather fuzzy speculation on language), but if only a fraction of our information has been sound, I Nephi cannot possibly be explained on the grounds of mere coincidence. To illustrate this, let the reader make a simple test. Let him sit down to write a history of life in Tibet in the middle of eleventh century A.D. Let him construct his story wholly on the basis of what he happens to know right now about Tibet in the eleventh century—that will fairly represent what was known about ancient Arabia in 1830. In writing your Tibetan fantasy you will enjoy one great advantage: since the canvas is an absolute blank, you are free to fill it with anything that strikes your fancy. So you should have no trouble in getting "smoothly launched into your narrative," one critic who seemed to think that is the only obstacle confronting the author of the Book of Mormon. But there are other obstacles, for in your chronicle of old Tibet we must insist that you scrupulously observe a number of conditions: (1) you must never make any absurd, impossible, or contradictory statements; (2) when you are finished, you must make no changes in the text; (3) you must give out that your "smooth narrative" is not fiction but true, nay, sacred history; (4) you must invite the ablest orientalists to examine the text with care, and strive diligently to see that your book gets into the hands of all those most eager to prove it a forgery and most competent to expose every flaw in it. The "author" of the Book of Mormon ob-

serves all these terrifying rules most scrupulously.

In your Tibetan epic you might get something right by happy accident once in awhile, but you need not expect to have anything authentic. For consolation you may now take these or any of the *best* historical novels of any age dealing with a period a thousand or so years before the time of writing; then take a red pencil and get to work, checking every anachronism, incongruity, misinformation, and inaccuracy in the book. The result is scarlet carnage. But be merciful! To realize what difficulties confront the creative historian, one has but to contemplate the laborious production of the Book of Mormon's latest critics.

It was all too easy for the present author, lacking the unfair advantages of either wit or learning, to show where the above-mentioned critic contradicts *herself* again and again. It wasn't even sporting. It required not one iota of "scholarship." Since then it has been possible for others more diligent and more astute to go further and show how this author has doctored the footnotes repeatedly, while a more careful examination of the star witness, the notorious Bainbridge court record, shows that that priceless treasure never existed!¹⁸

A Victor Hugo or an Anatole France can tell a convincing story when he is near to his own land and time, but let any writer, even the most learned, slip back a couple of thousand years and five or six thousand miles around the globe, and he finds himself in a treacherous slough from which he can only extricate himself by taking frankly to the wings of fantasy. It is not the particular events but the general background and atmosphere of their stories and a thousand little slips of detail that oblige Messrs. White and Douglas to wink knowingly and tell us it's all in fun. Any handbook on Greek and Roman antiquities can supply a writer with all the accurate detail he can possibly use, but no writer yet has succeeded in integrating a mass of such stuff together into a simple, natural, and flawless whole. Naomi Mitchison comes nearest,

perhaps, but only because she wisely confines herself to describing such timeless things as mountains, seas, and human emotions. Nephi imparts his information in such simple, effortless, and matter-of-fact discourse that the reader easily overlooks the vast mass of detail he has succeeded in weaving into a natural and uncomplicated pattern. What writer of historical fiction has ever remotely approached such an achievement?

But haven't we been decidedly partial in dealing with the story of Lehi? Of course we have. We are the counsel for the defense. Our witnesses have all been of our own choosing, but no one can deny that they are competent and unprejudiced. We invite the prosecution to cross-examine the witnesses. To date they have not done so, but instead have brought their own witnesses into court, up-to-date intellectuals who can tell us just exactly what the accused was *thinking* when he wrote the Book of Mormon. Such evidence is not evidence at all—it is bad science, bad history, and even bad newspaper-reporting and would be rejected by any court in the land. But it might impress the half-educated jury, and that is its purpose. We can best explain the new trend in Book of Mormon criticism by a little parable.

A young man once claimed he had found a large diamond in his field as he was ploughing. He put the stone on display to the public free of charge, and everyone took sides. A psychologist showed, by citing some famous case studies, that the young man was suffering from a well-known form of delusion. An historian showed that other men have also claimed to have found diamonds in fields and been deceived. A geologist proved that there were no diamonds in the area but only quartz: The young man had been fooled by a quartz. When asked to inspect the stone itself, the geologist answered with a weary, tolerant smile and a kindly shake of the head. An English professor showed that the young man in describing his stone used the very same language that others had used in describing uncut diamonds: he was, therefore, simply speaking

(Continued on page 824)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



ON THE Bookrack

UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN

(Albert L. Zobell, Jr. Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City. 1950. 197 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book, from the able and active pen of Albert L. Zobell, Jr., is subtitled, "Centennial History of Scandinavian Missions." It covers the essential facts (and much else besides) of a century of missionary work in Scandinavia since the first call came to Erastus Snow and Peter O. Hansen, and to John E. Forsgren, to go to this great northern land in October 1849. The work actually began in Denmark in May 1850, and Albert L. Zobell, Jr., has done well in bringing together a century of facts that at times read as impressively as fast-moving fiction. The effectiveness of the mission can be somewhat surmised by the fact that nearly forty-five percent of the present-day membership of the Church have some Scandinavian ancestry. This is an informative and faith-building book. It is a credit to its author, and it is a credit to all of the great and humble characters who have accepted and served the latter-day cause "Under the Midnight Sun."

—R. L. E.

THE LONELY WARRIOR

(Kathleen Dickenson Mellen. Hastings House, N. Y. 1949. 177 pages.)

THIS story clings to the days of the great conqueror, the lonely warrior Kamehameha the Great, who unified the Hawaiian Islands under one ruler. It sets forth the habits and customs, the manners and morals of the native Hawaiians of a few generations ago, revealing well the inner moving forces of these people, past and present. The author successfully holds the reader's attention until he lives and moves for the time being among the wholesome people of the Hawaiian Islands of nearly two centuries ago.

This is no ordinary historical recital: The life and times of Kamehameha were filled with romance. Among the Hawaiians of that day was a code of loyalty and honor that could well be followed by all in this day, in Hawaii or in any land. Occasionally men and women broke through the established code; they were but human beings.

Mrs. Mellen has not been afraid to tell all that she has found in her painstaking research. The story of Captain Cook is there; several exciting love affairs are included; and the spirit of the beautiful islands, which seems to have escaped the ancient curse, pervades every page.

Every visitor to Hawaii should make this a part of his kit; and the stay-at-homes, by reading this book would almost take a trip to Hawaii.

—J. A. W.

LOOKING AHEAD TO MARRIAGE, by Clifford R. Adams; ENJOYING LEISURE TIME, by William C. Menninger; MONEY AND YOU, by J. K. Lasser and Sylvia F. Porter.

(Science Research Associates, Inc., Chicago, Illinois. 60 cents each.)

THESE brochures are three in a series of books titled Life Adjustment Booklets, which includes to date nineteen valuable booklets of interest to young folk and their leaders. The life adjustment program begins with youngsters from the age of ninth grade and continues through the twelfth grade. The booklets deal with the immediate problems of youth—and their parents—and offer real help in early adolescence.—M. C. J.

LADY LAURA

(Mamie Peters Call. Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City. 1949. 177 pages. \$2.75.)

THIS story of a young Welsh girl who came to America to make her way as a singer brings in much of the background of the early-day pioneer. But Laura found that there was more to the migration than obtaining a contract to sing. Her experiences in Salt Lake County and later in Box Elder County with death, Indians, and pioneering, make the book an interesting novel of the pioneering of the West.—M. C. J.

HUMANITY AND HAPPINESS

(Georg Brochmann. The Viking Press, New York. 244 pages. \$3.00.)

THE book, originally written in Norwegian at the time of the Nazi occupation, brings to the reader much of down-to-earth thinking about the fundamentals of happiness. Strangely enough, Mr. Brochmann, whose son was imprisoned by the Nazis and who himself toward the end of the occupation was also imprisoned, discovered that it does not require possessions to find happiness, but it does require character. A poignant book—that came from the war—it is a singing book for all people everywhere.

—M. C. J.

CRISSCROSS TRAILS

(Macy H. Lapham. Willis E. Berg, Berkeley 9, California. 1949. 246 pages.)

CHARLES E. KELLOGG of the U. S. Department of Agriculture wrote the foreword to this book, the experiences of a surveyor of the soil in the early West. The book adds much to the folklore of the land west of the Mississippi as well as the history of the soil survey in the early days. Colorful as only a firsthand account of experiences of these days could be, rich in the personalities in-

cluded in the account, this storehouse of materials should afford a novelist of today with factual material. Owen Wister capitalized on similar material when he wrote his stories of the West. The humor in the book is a dry, quiet variety, but it is there nonetheless and adds much to the interest of the book.

—M. C. J.

FOR PARTLY PROUD PARENTS (Richard Armour. Harper & Bros., New York. 1950. 52 pages. \$1.00.)

EVERYONE who has had children—or expects to have them—will find this slender volume of verse a delight and a challenge. Certainly if parents would enjoy their children more, they would find that the ordinary problems would melt away in the love and fun that both ages could experience jointly.—M. C. J.

FLUTE OF THE SMOKING MIRROR

(Frances Gillmore. The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. 1949. 183 pages. \$4.00.)

BEAUTIFULLY written and illustrated, this book, labeled "A Portrait of Nezahualcoyotl, Poet-King of the Aztecs," should prove of unending fascination to those who are interested in the history of the Indians. Into the stirring narrative are woven the customs and folklore of the period (1402-1472) into which this poet-king was born, shortly before the coming of the Spaniards.

There is intrigue enough for the active reader, romance enough for the romantic, and fact enough for the historically-minded. This book becomes a delightful introduction to a by-gone age.—M. C. J.

FOREVER THE LAND

(A Country Chronicle and Anthology. Edited and illustrated by Russell and Kate Lord. Harper and Bros. New York. 1950. 394 pages. \$5.00.)

ONE of the subtitles in one section reads: "We Should Get Excited about the Soil." That is precisely what the authors do to the readers—get them excited about the land. The author tells about the organization of "Friends of the Land," in order to help people get excited about protecting the soil to increase the happiness and effectiveness of mankind. The first seventy-nine pages of the book tell about the organization; the last three hundred odd pages comprise an anthology of the land, creating a fondness for it and an insistence on our ownership of the land for survival of the best in us.—M. C. J.

(Concluded on page 840)

PLAIN Ann

By Sadie H. Greenhalgh

It took less than one minute for Ann's dream castles to topple helter-skelter to the schoolroom floor and break in tiny bits.

Yes, at exactly 9:15 a.m. she was sitting very erect; her feet were crossed properly underneath the desk, and she was smiling very prettily at all her classmates.

She was in high school now; it was her first day; and everything was so exciting and going to be so much fun. She knew she would like all her teachers, especially Mr. Martin, who was this very minute calling the roll and pausing to see who each student was as he or she answered.

Mr. Martin was tall and dark and handsome, so even American history was going to be gobs of fun.

At just 9:16 he had come to her name and was saying: "Ann Baxter?"

Still smiling, Ann answered in a musical tone, and as Mr. Martin looked directly at her, he added: "Just plain Ann, is that all there is to your name?"

And so it was just 9:17 when Ann timidly answered: "Just Ann." Her shoulders had slumped, her head lowered, and her face was very red. All the dreams and high hopes of an exciting school year

had crumbled and were in bits under her feet, the feet that weren't crossed at the ankles any more.

She had tried so hard all her days to be liked; but she was just "plain Ann," and no matter what she did no one noticed her at all.

Even back in the first grade she remembered how she had cried because the other kids didn't play with her at recess and called her "toothless Ann," but like all other six-year-olds her two front teeth had finally made a reappearance, and that stage was passed by.

It was in the third grade that suddenly she was the tallest girl in the room, and her arms dangled down the longest, and everyone said, "Here's 'skinny Annie.'"

Somehow the proper food must have gone to the proper places because the "skinny Annie" gave way to "Annie freckle-face." Night after night she secretly slid a jar of freckle cream from its hiding place (no one must know that she had taken some of her allowance for this), and while she rubbed it in vigorously, she prayed hard that her freckles would all be gone by morning, but it seemed that neither "faith" nor "works" were going to be successful.

A wise mother had faced each problem with her and explained to her that they were all just stages that all little girls passed through before they developed into beautiful girlhood. All summer Mother had helped her learn to walk correctly, sit correctly, smile pleasantly, and she had practically memorized the little blue book because her wings were unfolding, and she was going to enter high school a graceful butterfly.



It was her first day, and everything was so exciting and going to be so much fun.

Now after all this careful preparation she was still just "plain Ann." It was no wonder her graceful walk was forgotten; and not having enough courage to hold her head high, her shoulders drooped, and she never met anyone's glances to know whether she was being admired or not.

It was weeks later, during a check-up at the family dentist, that Dr. Anthony remarked:

"It isn't every girl that has such a perfect-looking set of teeth, so uniform and white. If there were just a smile to go with them, you would be material for the dental ads." So that was the day Ann began to find her smile again.

It was after swimming class, in the locker rooms one day, that Miss Brown, the physical ed. teacher, said: "I didn't recognize you, Ann, with your hair wet like that. I have found myself waiting for you to come through the door lately because I like to see the sun on the back of your golden hair. It curls at just the right places and leaves a few smooth places for the sun to shine on."

It was that night that Ann's hair received an extra ten strokes with the brush, and she again held her

(Concluded on page 814)



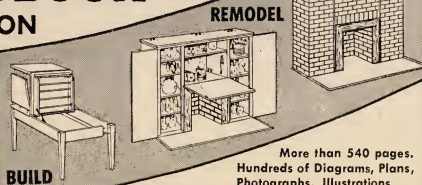
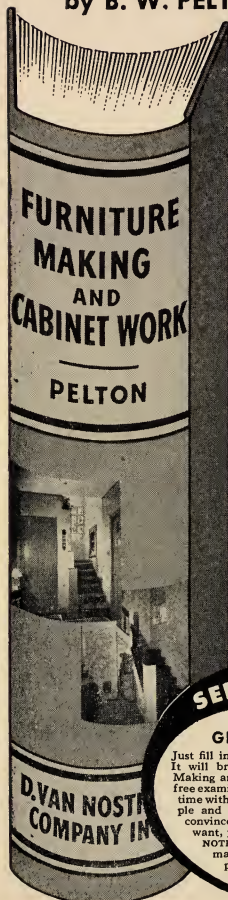
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ARE YOU A FAMILY NIGHTER?

(Concluded from page 789)

together, even the youngest Millar could see that it was impossible to buy the Christmas presents and the new car, too. As the parents scratched busily with their pencils, the little ones whispered together and came up with the proposition that all their Christmas lists be withdrawn. Daddy needed a new car, they reasoned, but they didn't need the toys they wanted.

The family began to consider this most generous offer, and the college members went into a huddle. Their plan was to be extra careful of the money allotted to them for school and to pick up a little extra work so that they could play Santa to the younger members of the family.

The final plan was a bit of heart-warming democracy. Dad drove the new car in front of the window on Christmas morning so that the family could look at their present. In the afternoon, they all went for a pleasant ride. The college members were as good as their word and played Santa while the younger members had the joy of knowing their part of the plan had been cutting their lists to only a few inexpensive gifts.

In our own home, family nights are divided into sections, one for each member of the family old enough to participate. At the present

time, our nights are classified as: spiritual, cultural, and recreational. These sections are rotated regularly in order to develop the entire family in each field.

Our cultural activity proved so interesting last winter and summer that we had to increase the allotted time into whole days to finish what we had started. Fred brought home a book entitled *Runner for the King*, by Rowena Bennett. He reviewed it as his contribution for culture. His sister followed the next week with a book showing pictures of the ruins left by the Aztec Indians about whom *Runner for the King* was written. Here was an opportunity to dovetail the interest of our children with our religious teachings. Using this book as an example, we were able to prove that Joseph Smith could not possibly have had any information regarding the ruins of South America because there was no such material in this country at that time. There were only two handwritten books upon the subject in the world, and both of them were in Europe where another young American was reading them. At the time Joseph Smith was giving the Book of Mormon to the world, the young American had returned to this country prior to going to South America as one of our diplomats. While there, he sketched the ruins he found and returned to write about them. His work was

not published until years after Joseph Smith was dead.

The children's interest in the Indians was whetted and resulted in exploring on many Saturday afternoons the Indian relics to be found in this part of the country. We studied and searched and have come to see from the mistakes of our predecessors that misunderstandings between races and peoples only cause hardships, bitterness, and destruction.

Young people are proud and fine and intelligent. Family nights enable families to discuss touchy matters in an impersonal manner. A youngster does not mean to do wrong, and almost always he can be made to see he is "off the beam" more quickly if the subject is treated as if it were some other race or person or circumstance. Minds remain open and can more readily see wrong when looking impersonally at others. A child who sees the error of his ways and corrects them in this manner has achieved the goal without resentment, rebellion, or any exchange of hateful words.

Today, when juvenile authorities, educators, judges, and psychologists are crying for parents to assume their obligations to their children and society, it behooves every Latter-day Saint to pause and consider well the plan sent through our spiritual leaders to save us and our children from destruction.

I AM BROUGHT FORTH TO MEET YOU

(Concluded from page 781)

An eyewitness to the unveiling ceremonies on this occasion was Carl Carmer, the author of *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*. In a chapter entitled "The Magic Hill," he gives an impressive account of what he saw. He perhaps did not understand the significance of all the ceremony, but he beheld something great in what was being done, and he wrote honestly about it as follows:

As I sat down in the tremendous outdoor auditorium, four white-clad figures appeared at the foot of the towering canvas far above us. They raised long gleaming trumpets and stood silent for a moment in sharp relief against the blue sky. Then they began to play.

When they had finished, a bearded, largely proportioned man who had some-

how the look of a prophet stood up on the platform before us. In a deep, resonant voice he announced a hymn, and as the audience sang it, I saw that beside him stood other big men of strong features and dignified bearing. I thought—these people have come back here to a country I have known a long time, in whose little towns I played ball games when I was a boy, a country I have always taken as a matter of course, an ordinary, folksy section. I thought of Mecca and Bethlehem, and I suddenly realized that the minds and emotions of a million people over the world were turned at this moment to this hillside just out of Palmyra in York State.

The big crowd were all singing lustily now, led by a choir on the platform.

"When I leave this frail existence
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high? . . .

After the last chord crashed out there was a hush, and suddenly the canvas

fluttered down and flattened out on the ground, and high in the air above us stood a gleaming bronze Moroni clasping a book to his breast with his left hand and pointing heavenward with his right.

Then the big bearded man who had announced the hymn stepped forward and spoke:

"We stand on holy ground."

Moroni is more than a Nephite prophet, more than a keeper of inspired records, more than an instructor of a new era. He is a man who lived ages ago, died, and returned as he stated he would, triumphant through the air, to meet us, with his message from the Lord.

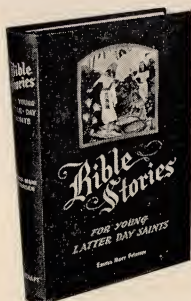
Moroni is a living example of the resurrection—of the promise of eternal life.

¹By special permission of Carl Carmer

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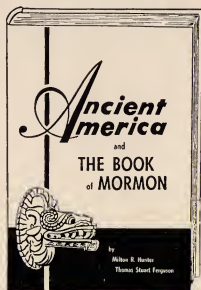
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"Fearful Voyager"

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

IF we were to allow ourselves to be unnerved by the daily
impact of all we see and all we hear and by all the
disappointing circumstances of life, we should soon be so
upset that we would lose sight of ultimate objectives. If
we should leave our thoughts and our lives open to all of
the actual and potential disturbances of each day, we could
easily become utterly ineffective—paralyzed with the
fearful awareness of impending doom and with the con-
stant companionship of threatened calamity. If we should
tremble before all the troubles and tragedies that could
or might happen, and fret about them as though they
already had happened, life could surely become a fearful
ordeal. If every crosscurrent, if every flurry, if every
breaker were permitted to capsize us, we would be daily
drenched and drowning. When we live in this world, the
storms come, sometimes frequently, sometimes occasionally,
and sometimes it seems almost constantly, but a firm faith
in the Lord God and in ultimate objectives makes the
storms worth weathering, no matter how furious or how
frequent. The ground swells, the quick squalls, and the
deep and elemental disturbances are inevitable in life. And
they must not be permitted to upset us to the point where
we lose our bearings or swim in circles. The temporary
setbacks, the heartaches, the passing disappointments,
the deep and bitter sorrows—some of which all of us
pass through—must not be permitted to confuse our course.
No man ever had freedom from trouble, or from the pros-
pects of trouble, but many have lived above it and have
found peace and quiet accomplishment in spite of the
disturbance and confusion of the day. In life we must
learn this lesson: There is no smooth surface from shore
to shore, from season to season, for anyone. When
we're on the ocean, the storms come. Of course life will
upset us if we let it. But we can keep from capsizing if
we don't lose sight of our ultimate objectives. We can
keep on our course if we keep planning and working and
pursuing useful purposes in the present—and keep faith
in the future.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROAD-
CASTING SYSTEM, AUGUST 6, 1950

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THE PURPLED YEARS

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I DO not ask him back whose early flight
Was eagle swift beyond the twilight hill;
Nor do I question why, or whether night
Obscures his wings or sunshine gilds them
still.
Never to know the shrunken, drabbed form,
Never the rocky slope, the brittle descent,
Always the wings outspread above the
storm—

I would not ask him back where wings
are spent.
My only plea is that the arctic day
His passing left be not too long and cold.
That I who, wingless, walk the purpled
way,
Mellow in spirit as the years enfold,
My inner self be worthy of caress,
Even the throttling grip of loneliness.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



HEAR THEM ALL THIS SEASON

Amos 'N' Andy
Sundays 5:30 p.m.

Arthur Godfrey Show
Mon. Thru Fri. 9 a.m., 12:45 p.m.

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
Mondays 6:30 p.m.

Bergen & McCarthy
Sundays 6 p.m.

Beulah
Mon. thru Fri. 9:45 p.m.

Bing Crosby Show
Wednesdays 7:30 p.m.

Club 15
Mon. thru Fri. 9:30 p.m.

Corliss Archer
Sundays 7 p.m.

Dr. Christian
Wednesdays 6:30 p.m.

Edward R. Murrow
Mon. thru Fri. 2:30 p.m.

Friendly With A Hammond
Mon. thru Fri. 2:30 p.m.

Friendly Time
Mon. thru Fri. 8 a.m.

Gene Autry Show
Saturdays 6 p.m.

Horace Heidt Show
Sundays 7:30 p.m.

Jack Benny Show
Sundays 5 p.m.

Land Of Make Believe
Mon. thru Fri. 5 p.m.

Life With Luigi
Tuesdays 7 p.m.

Lowell Thomas
Mon. thru Fri. 9 p.m.

Lux Radio Theatre
Mondays 7 p.m.

Margaret Masters' Kitchen
Mon. thru Fri. 8:45 a.m.

My Favorite Husband
Saturdays 7:30 p.m.

My Friend Irma
Mondays 8:00 p.m.

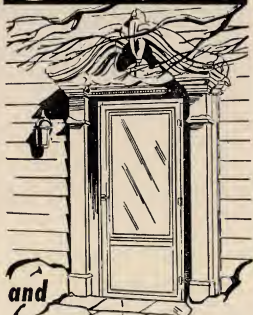
Our Miss Brooks
Sundays 4:30 p.m.

Red Skelton Show
Sundays 6 p.m.

Songs of Harry Clark
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PLAIN ANN

(Concluded from page 808)

head up high "so the sun could shine on the smooth places."

When she really began to walk correctly again, and take pride in the fact, was after a trip to the shoe store. The clerk said: "Walk down in front of that triple mirror and see how nice those shoes look on your feet. Most girls need shoes with a buckle or bow to add to their attractiveness, but the shape of your foot lends style to that plain pump."

A line, you say? Perhaps! But it was a good line administered at the proper time and place.

It was during the holidays that Ann had her first date with Jim, and then she didn't regret the hours spent on "Emily Post," as she was at ease, her natural self, as she acknowledged introductions, made pleasant conversation, and didn't forget to thank Jim for a lovely evening.

When a girl friend asked, "Gosh, Ann, what do you use to keep such a peaches and cream complexion?"

Ann was glad for the freckles that had hid the complexion from view until the proper time and had then miraculously disappeared a few at a time and made a change for people to notice.

Then before Ann realized it, it was the closing week of school. There had been more smiles, more dates, more fun, and now Jim was handing back her yearbook. He had spent a whole study period thinking a lot but writing little among the other autographs.

Ann dared not look right then—not until she got back to her locker did she peek inside. Her heart pounded hard and brought a bright pink blush to her cheeks as she read the following:

I like your charming smile.

And hope to see it yet awhile.

I like the sunshine on your hair;

To ever cut those pretty locks would not be fair.

I like the way you walk down the street. That's what made me say: "Let's go in and have a treat."

There's no denying, you're the cream of the crop.

As just "plain Ann" I like you a lot!

LIBERTY THROUGH THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST

(Concluded from page 803)

is based. When we obtain any freedom of soul, mind, body, or by government, it is by obedience to that law of liberty upon which it is predicated. The liberty of government or the liberty of the gospel come from the same eternal source—Jesus, the author and champion of liberty. The most profitable investment you can make in this life is the investment in liberty of the soul through obedience to the gospel. There are no dividends commensurate with these which come from our labors towards freedom through the plan of life and salvation of our Lord.

Perhaps the greatest of all the arts is learning how to be free individually. Ours is a higher toned business than building things—important as that be in this world—

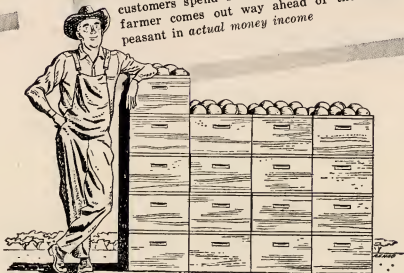
yet, the project of personal liberty is our major and eternal task. Surely one is on the beam of eternal truth when he proclaims that the freest man is he who obeys the highest law. The highest laws are the gospel—the celestial laws. The gospel is founded upon the principle of freedom. Without agency man could never be held accountable for his sins before God. If the highest or fullest freedom is found only in the realm of things celestial, then the Saints through the gospel are seeking liberty and freedom at their best. Now is the day for us as Saints to be loyal to the highest law—that we may be free. Now is our opportunity to establish our liberty. Why not personally join in with the Psalmist and say, "And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts." (Psalms 119:45.)

TWO WAYS TO SELL PEACHES... Which pays farmers better?

This European peasant farmer grows some peaches—along with various other crops, all in small volume. He picks his peaches...carries them by basket ume. He picks his peaches...sells them himself, direct to his town market place...sells the money his to customers. Thus he receives all the money his to customers spend for peaches. Yes, 100% of the customer's peach dollar belongs to him. But from this "one-man" marketing he can't begin to receive enough money for his peaches to afford improvement in crop quality, or to grow more peaches. Nor can he afford to specialize in peaches...because he has too many other jobs to do



This American farmer grows more peaches per man-hour than a European peasant ever dreamed of. He grows peaches of fine quality, too, because he's located where peaches do fine, and he specializes in peach-growing. Railroads and trucks haul his peaches. Processors can or freeze some of them. Modern stores sell the peaches fresh, canned, frozen. The people who provide such marketing facilities are paid with the grower from the dollar customers spend for peaches. Yet the American farmer comes out way ahead of the European peasant in actual money income



COMPARED to the market-it-yourself system, the American way sells many times more dollars' worth of peaches. American farmers can produce more efficiently—and they can specialize by crop or area—because modern marketing facilities are available to move their bigger, better production to customers.

True, growers here in America get less than 100% of the customer's food dollar. But...because there is mass consumption...they are able to farm on a mass production basis. Thus American growers receive more money.

The U.S. farmer's share of the food dollar spent for fresh fruits and vegetables today is around 40¢. This share drops to about 25¢ for canned fruits and vegetables. It hits around 28¢ for rolled oats, expensive to process...70¢ to 75¢ for good grade beef, butter and eggs.

The grower's percent of the food dollar varies from crop to crop because one crop requires more processing, cleaning,

grading or packaging charges than another. Or entails more service charges for storage, wholesaling or freight.

Bigger share of Safeway dollar goes to growers

Safeway's business is the retailing of food.

This function, you know, is sometimes lumped with other charges under the blanket term, "costs of distribution." But Safeway has nothing to do with farm-to-warehouse hauling costs. And in most of the processed foods, others—not Safeway—do the processing and packaging.

For all our retailing services—averaged over all farm crops—Safeway requires less than 14¢ out of the dollar customers pay for food at our stores.

This 14¢ covers all our costs of doing a retail business (such costs as wages, rents, taxes, advertising, etc.) plus a profit. In 1949 our profit was 1½¢ per dollar of food sales at Safeway stores.

Safeway costs are lower than average for such retailing services. In fact, our costs today represent a smaller part of the food dollar than Safeway required 10 years ago.

Of course, the dollar volume of our sales has increased, due in part to higher food prices. But our labor and other costs are up even more sharply. Chiefly because we've learned year by year to operate more efficiently can we return to farmers today a larger share of each dollar of Safeway sales.

The Safeway idea of selling more food per store and per employee isn't ours alone. We are in free competition with many stores working toward the same end.

It seems to us that is good for everybody—for farmer, customer and store man alike. We invite you to test our ideas of how a store should be run by doing your food shopping at Safeway, where almost one-fifth of all customers are farm families.



SAFEWAY STORES

TODAY'S Family

Burl Shepherd EDITOR

SHALL WE USE CONDIMENTS?



A DOCTOR has defined the sins against the stomach as speed, spice, and alcohol. These, he said, make for sour stomachs, sleepless nights, and nasty dispositions. We have been told much about the evils of high tension living and of alcohol, but what have spices to do with the general state of our health?

There are many mild spices, seeds, and herbs that, if used wisely, enhance the flavor of foods and are an asset to good cooking; they should be used in moderation. There are other strong, biting seasonings which are very irritating to the stomach and kidneys, and which are better left out of the diet altogether. Such strong seasonings tend also to pervert the sense of taste by numbing the delicate taste buds and thus help to destroy the appetite for wholesome, mildly-flavored, natural foods.

Pepper, for instance, is very irritating. It has no food value, and its widespread daily use in the seasoning of foods is most unwise. It is a stimulating condiment, harmful to the mucous linings of the system, and we would do well to avoid its use. Other irritating spices, which should be used sparingly, if at all, include mustard, curry, horseradish, and ginger. Certainly these should not be used regularly as flavorings and relishes, and those who have sensitive stomachs must learn to leave them alone.

Salt is not a spice; it is a chemical

which is a normal constituent of the bloodstream and so must be included in the diet. However, its extensive use is largely a matter of custom rather than physiological need. Since salt is found in a natural state in many foods that we eat, we would do well to train ourselves to prefer the addition of only a limited amount at the table. Learning to like a little salt rather than a great deal might be a safeguard for health in later years, as excessive amounts of it place an added burden on the kidneys and lead to high blood pressure. In excess, it also encourages overeating and over-drinking. Of course, in summer, those who perspire freely and must work in the heat need extra salt. Many places of work provide it in tablet form, and it may also be added to food. Iodized salt is to be preferred for iodine is a known preventive of simple goiter.

A newly-developed flavoring agent is monosodium glutamate, made from one of the amino acids found in sugar beets, wheat, and corn. It is not a "seasoning," in the usual sense of the word, since it adds no flavor of its own to a dish. Rather, it acts as a sort of catalyst to bring out natural flavors already present in food. The manufacturers state that it is a natural product, found in small amounts in all vegetables, meats, fish, and poultry, but serves to wake the taste buds to a greater appreciation of food flavors when more is added. It is becoming generally available and may be

added to almost any food to bring out flavor.

Spices are the roots, bark, stems, leaves, seeds, or fruit of aromatic plants which usually grow in the tropics; but many kitchen herbs and seeds which are not tropical are also commonly called spices. Since the flavor of a spice is its volatile oil, sooner or later the flavor will evaporate if it does not receive proper care. All spices should be kept tightly covered, and the spice shelf placed away from the stove or other warm places. Spices are classed as sweet, spicy-sweet, and hot, and it is the milder, sweet spices, a few of which are listed below, which are recommended to the housewife.

Allspice: (flavor resembles a blend of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves) Used whole to flavor meats, gravies, and fish. Ground, it is used in puddings, relishes, some fruits, and baking.

Anise Seed: (licorice-flavor) Used in cookies and candies.

Basil: Herb used in tomato dishes, cooked peas, squash, string beans. Try sprinkling chopped leaves over lamb chops before cooking.

Bay leaves: Used in stews, spice sauces, soups. Good with meats, fish chowder. May be added to tomato sauce.

Caraway Seed: Widely used in baking, especially in rye bread. Good in sauerkraut, noodles, soft cheese spreads, some meats.

Cassia (Cinnamon): Used whole in preserving, puddings, stewed fruits. Ground, it is used in baked goods, mashed sweet potatoes, with sugar on cinnamon toast.

Celery Salt: (combination of salt and ground celery seed) Good with fish, eggs, potato salad, salad dressing, tomato juice, bouillon.

Celery Seed: Used with salads, fish, salad dressings, vegetables.

Chervil: (flavor resembles mild parsley) Good in soups, salads, egg dishes, French dressing, fish.

Cloves: Used whole in meat cooking, spice fruits. Used ground in baked goods, stews, vegetables.

Dill Seed: Used in salads, soups,

(Concluded on page 818)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



BLUEPRINT FOR Beauty

What Is Good Grooming?

GOOD grooming is a standard of personal cleanliness and pleasing appearance projected from our desire to be appreciated; and it reflects our skill in realizing this desire.

Basically, it means the selection of clothes that fit well and are attractively styled; the choice of hair style that is becoming, and make-up that is suitable to the individual—for on these depend the success of a grooming program. Far better to plan a wardrobe which will as-



sure the young lady poise and comfort for every occasion than to fill it haphazardly with articles which are not suitable to personality or figure but which must be worn out anyhow. Far better to get rid of unsuitable items (if possible) which detract from appearance and make the individual self-conscious, for

(Concluded on page 820)

"I can fairly see the dirt walk off by itself!"

writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.



Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a big family, you've been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.

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FISH, FOWL
AND GAME



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LOS ANGELES

SHALL WE USE CONDIMENTS?

(Concluded from page 816)

fish, meat gravies, potato salad, green apple pie, etc.

Garlic Salt: (combination of salt and garlic powder) Used in tomato juice, meat, vegetable dishes, stews, salads, scrambled eggs.

Mace: Whole (called Blade), is excellent in fish sauces. Try adding a chopped blade to gingerbread batter. Ground, it is essential in fine pound cakes, and it gives good color and flavor to all yellow cakes.

Marjoram: (of the mint family) is delicious combined with other herbs in stews, soups, fish, and sauce recipes. May be sprinkled on lamb while cooking.

Paprika: Colorful garnish for any pale food. Used on fish, salads, vegetables, meats, canapes.

Poppy Seed: (crunchy, nutlike flavor) Excellent as a topping for breads, rolls, cookies. Good in salads and in fillings for pastry.

Rosemary: (sweet, fresh-tasting) Used in lamb dishes, soups, stews. Flavors meat stock. May be added to potatoes while cooking or sprinkled on beef roasts before cooking.

Thyme: Used in soups, stews, poultry dressings. Excellent in chowders and meat sauces, croquettes, chipped beef, fricassees, and with tomatoes.

PAINT TRICKS

By
Louise Price Bell



—Photograph by Ivan Burkhardt

THE plainest little bedroom can be made attractive through the inexpensive medium of paint. Shown here is a teen-ager's room which was just a plain white room at first. But the ingenious and willing-to-work young lady painted huge, butter-yellow polka dots on one wall (using a soup plate for the pattern), then painted the door the same cheery color. The little knick-

knack shelf above the bed was given a real importance when a frame was painted on the outside. Now the niche looks a suitable size instead of seeming insignificant, as it did before being "framed." Dyeing cheesecloth yellow for glass curtains, then picking up a remnant of yellow and rust chintz for color at the window was no job at all, and didn't wreck the allowance.

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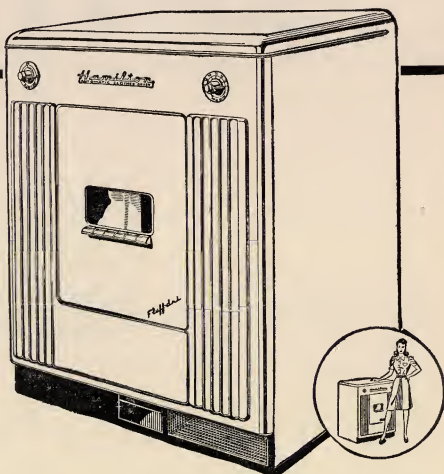
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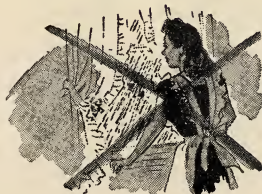
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Blueprint for Beauty

(Concluded from page 817)

the aim of every well-groomed individual is an unawareness of self.

To be really effective, good grooming must become a habit: a round-the-clock, round-the-calendar habit that pays off in popularity and good impressions. It involves daily, weekly, and general routines which are followed faithfully. Some people, for instance, have been known to follow a schedule like this:

Every night—

1. Brush clothes worn during the day and hang them carefully. Mend any hems or seams needing repair. Check fastenings.

2. Shine shoes to be worn tomorrow.

3. Press clothes to be worn tomorrow.

4. Brush hair and set it if necessary.

5. Check fingernails to see that they're smooth and polish is not chipped.

6. Bathe.

7. Take off all make-up and apply a good skin cream. Then relax, with feet up, for twenty minutes.

Every week—

1. Shampoo and put up hair.

2. Manicure fingernails and pedicure toenails.

3. Go through wardrobe and see that sweaters, skirts, and other articles get laundered or dry-cleaned as needed.

4. See that gloves are clean and handbag orderly.

At all times—

1. Apply make-up—rouge, lipstick, powder—lightly and evenly. (Avoid using comb, compact, and mirror in public to make grooming repairs. These should be used at home and not thought of again—unless a dressing room is handy.)

2. Keep shoulders brushed free of dandruff, hairs, and dust.

3. Keep stockings in good repair and seams straight.

4. Carry a clean handkerchief.

5. Use very little perfume.

6. Stand tall and walk gracefully.

Such a schedule, of course, may not be all-inclusive. It does not include exercise routines, dental care, and other items which help to effect good grooming. But these things may be worked into any schedule to suit the convenience of the individual. Remember, good grooming is a habit!

New Notes in SEASONING

Green Beans with Herb Sauce

- 3 cups fresh green beans, cooked
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced celery
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dried basil
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dried rosemary

Heat the butter or oil. Add onion, garlic, and celery. Sauté 5 minutes. Add other ingredients, cover, and simmer 10 minutes. Combine with cooked beans and mix well.

Baked Tuna and Rice Loaf

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked brown rice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated tuna
- 1 cup grated cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Salt to taste
- ($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pure monosodium glutamate as a flavor heightener, if available)

Mix ingredients together and bake in greased casserole one hour at 350°. Serves 4 or 5.

Spiced Tomato Bouillon

- 4 cups tomato juice
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 teaspoon salt (if tomato juice is unsalted)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon garlic salt
- 1 bouillon cube
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, thinly sliced

Simmer all ingredients together for ten minutes except the lemon. Strain through fine sieve. Add lemon slices. Reheat just before serving. (It is suggested that Vejeux bouillon cubes or Savita, usually sold at health stores, be used where possible as they are rich in B vitamins.)

Hamburgers Royal

- 1 lb. hamburger meat
- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. sausage meat
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- Salt
- Chopped onion, if desired
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons fat

Mix seasonings thoroughly into
(Concluded on following page)



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NEW NOTES IN SEASONING

(Concluded from preceding page)
chopped meat; then add lemon juice. Store in refrigerator 4 to 8 hours. Shape into patties and brown in the fat. Add 2 tablespoons water and simmer slowly about half an hour, turning the patties several times.

Potato Pancakes

- 2 large potatoes (scrubbed clean and grated)
- 1 medium onion, grated
- 2 tablespoons flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon parsley flakes
- $\frac{2}{3}$ eggs, separated

Mix potatoes and onion together in a bowl, then add the flour and seasonings. Stir in the slightly beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Melt a little butter or margarine in frying pan, and when hot add two tablespoons batter for each cake. Cook on medium hot fire, browning the cakes on both sides.

Poppy Seed Fruit Cake

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted whole-grain flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of allspice, cloves, and nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fruit juice
- 1 cup blanched almonds, chopped
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of chopped candied citron, pineapple, and cherries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of chopped candied orange peel and candied lemon peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup poppy seeds

Mix flour, baking powder, salt, and spices, and sift three times. Cream the

butter and sugar together, beating until light. Beat in eggs, then fruit juice, nuts, and fruit. Stir in the flour mixture. Turn into greased loaf pan lined on the bottom with waxed paper and bake at 300° F. for about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, or until done. Then remove from pan, take off waxed paper, and cool on cake rack. Store in tightly covered container. Makes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of cake.

Anise Ice Box Cookies

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted wholewheat flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon crushed anise seed

Cream butter or margarine until fluffy; add sugar gradually, beating well. Add egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add gradually to first mixture. Add anise and beat until smooth. Divide the dough into three or four parts and shape each into a roll about 2 inches in diameter. Roll in wax paper. Chill. Then cut in thin slices and bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 10 minutes. Makes 40 to 50 cookies.

Caraway Coaxers

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup thick cream
- 3 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat germ
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons caraway seeds

Beat eggs lightly, then add sugar and cream. Mix together thoroughly. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Chill the dough; roll it on floured board, and cut into cookie shapes. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 or 12 minutes.

HANDY HINTS

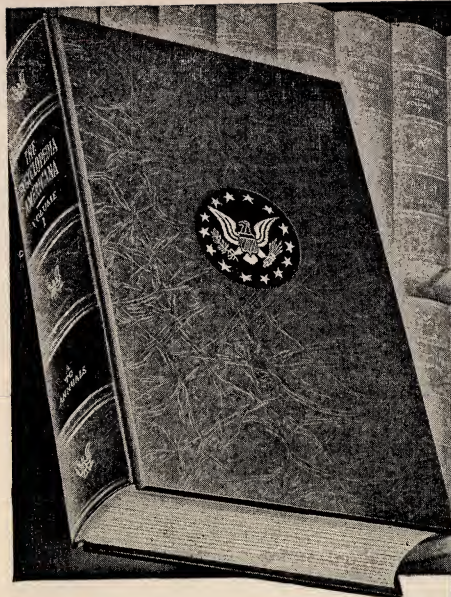
Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

You can skin pears quickly and effectively, if you will dip them in very hot water, then drop them in cold water. This will save paring and peeling.—H. M., Chicago, Illinois.

It takes one fourth less sugar to

sweeten tart fruits if a pinch of salt is added to the kettle of fruit and the fruit allowed to cook for fifteen minutes, or longer if desired, before the sugar is added. This is a real help if you are cooking or canning quite a lot of fruit.—G. M., Luther, Michigan.

Paper that has stuck to a varnished table top in damp weather can be removed without marring the surface by rubbing table with olive oil.—C. M., Bellevue, Michigan.



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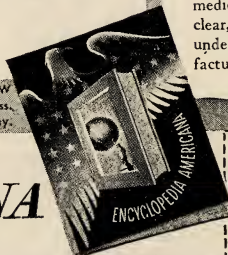
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LEHI IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 806)

the common language of his time. A sociologist showed that only three out of 177 florists' assistants in four major cities believed the stone was genuine. A clergyman wrote a book to show that it was not the young man but someone else who had found the stone.

Finally an indigent jeweler named Snite pointed out that since the stone was still available for examination the answer to the question of whether it was a diamond or not had absolutely nothing to do with who found it, or whether the finder was honest or sane, or who believed him, or whether he would know a diamond from a brick, or whether diamonds had ever been found in fields, or whether people had ever been fooled by quartz or glass, but was to be answered simply and solely by putting the stone to certain well-known tests for diamonds. Experts on diamonds were called in. Some of them declared it genuine. The others made nervous jokes about it and declared that they could not very well jeopardize their dignity and reputations by appearing to take the thing too seriously. To hide the bad impression thus made, someone came out with the theory that the stone was really a synthetic diamond, very skilfully made, but a fake just the same. The objection to this is that the production of a good synthetic diamond 120 years ago would have been an even more remarkable feat than the finding of a real one.

The moral of this story is that the testimony brought out by the prosecution, however learned, has been to date entirely irrelevant and immaterial. It is hardly necessary to observe that it is also incompetent, since it is highly argumentative and based entirely on conclusions of the witnesses, who have furthermore already made up their minds, on other grounds, that the accused is guilty.

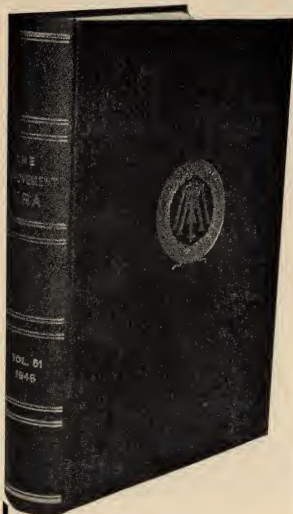
Another thing, the prosecution must prove their case to the hilt: it is not enough to show, even if they could, that there are mistakes in the Book of Mormon, for all humans make mistakes; what they must explain is how the "author" of that book happened to get so many

things right.²⁰⁷ Eighty-odd years of zealous searching by the Palestine Exploration Fund have brought to light little or nothing proving the Exodus; to this day "of the story of . . . Saul, David, Solomon, or even of their existence, there is no trace whatever outside of Palestine." Yet this shortage of evidence by no means disproves the Bible. We should not have been disappointed or surprised to find all the records completely silent on matters relevant to the Book of Mormon; yet they have been far from that. If a man makes a mistake in solving a very complex mathematical problem, that proves nothing as to his ability as a mathematician, for the greatest make slips. But if he shows a correct solution for the problem, it is impossible to explain away his success as an accident, and we must recognize him, whoever he is, as a bona fide mathematician. So it is with the author of I Nephi: If we could find mistakes in his work, we could readily explain and forgive them, but when he keeps coming up with the right answer time after time, we can only accept his own explanation of how he does it.

One significant aspect of the story of Lehi in the Desert must not be overlooked. It is wholly, from beginning to end, a history of the Old World. There is in it not so much as a hint of the noble red man. Nothing in it ever betrays the slightest suspicion that the drama is going to end in the New World. Lehi's people thought they had found their promised land in Bountiful by the sea and were horribly upset when Nephi, who himself had thought the project impossible (I Nephi 17:8-9), undertook by special instruction to build a ship.

From what oriental romance, then, was the book of I Nephi stolen? Compare it with any attempts to seize the letter and the spirit of the glamorous East, from Voltaire to Grillparzer, nay, with the soberest oriental histories of the time, and it will immediately become apparent how unreal, extravagant, overdone, and stereotyped they all are, and how scrupulously Nephi has avoided all the pitfalls into which even the best scholars

(Continued on page 826)



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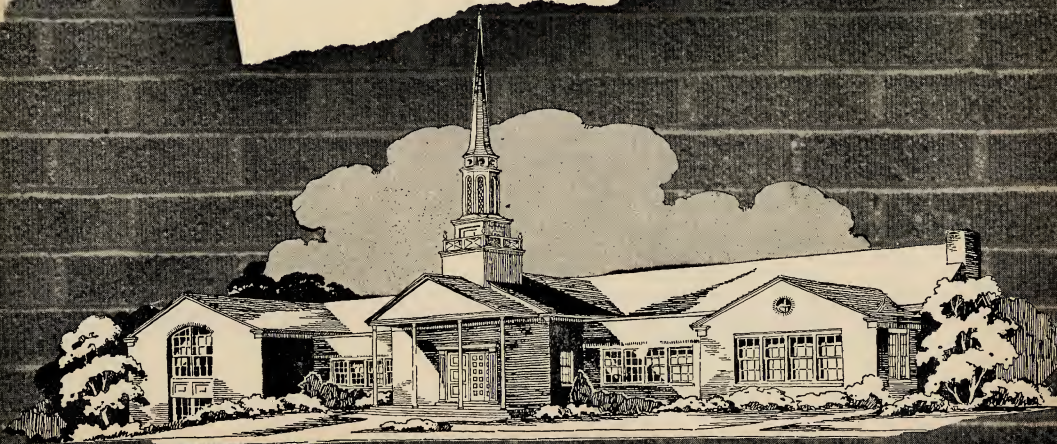
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AMERICA'S FINEST
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Lehi in the Desert

(Continued from page 824)

were sure to fall. There is no point at all to the question: Who wrote the Book of Mormon? It would have been quite as impossible for the most learned man alive in 1830 to have written the book as it was for the unschooled Joseph Smith. And whoever would account for the Book of Mormon by any theory suggested so far—save one—must completely rule out the first forty pages.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

³²⁰Conder's *Arabia*, in *The Modern Traveller* series (London, 1825), p. 14f; p. 9: "... small mountainous oases ... seem to form a continued line from the southeast of Palestine to Oman."
³²¹*Ibid.*, p. 348f
³²²Stewart Perowne, "Note on I Kings, Ch. X. 1-13," *PEFQ* 1929, p. 200

³²³This principle is well illustrated in Cheesman's criticism of Palgrave. Though the latter's descriptions of Hufuf are so full of "sheer inaccuracy" and "blazing indiscretion" as to appear almost pure fabrications, and though "Palgrave's map of Hufuf is so full of inaccuracies that I have not been able even to orient it," Cheesman nonetheless concludes that "The picture Palgrave painted of Hufuf, its gardens, its archways, and its indolgent people ... could only have been composed by an eye-witness." No matter how imperfect the details, the general picture presents objects that would not have been mentioned if they had not been seen. (*In Unknown Arabia*, pp. 67-71.) "It is only too easy," writes the same author, "however careful one may be, to fall into little inaccuracies in an endeavor to put color into one's own description of a country, and it is easier still, as I found, to come behind and point out the shortcomings of a predecessor." (*Ibid.*, p. 70.) This is a powerful argument, indeed for the sober and detailed account of Nephi, whose mistakes of detail we could pardon if we could discover them. The same principle applies to the study of documents. How do we know, for example, that the text of Manetho, an ancient Egyptian, is actually preserved in the late Greek writing that has come down to us. Because, says Ed. Meyer (*G.d.A.* 1.2.24), it is just the sort of text that one would expect to find on an Egyptian papyrus. Details are secondary.

³²⁴"Scientific study of the historical topography of the Holy Land" really began with the first journey of Ed. Robinson in 1838 (*Bull. Am. Sch. Or. Res.* 74, p. 2). Yet forty years later a leading authority on Palestine writes, "Few countries are more traveled in than Palestine; and in few are the manners and customs of the people less known." (*Clearmont-Geneva* in *PEFQ* 1875, 202f.)

The official statement of the Palest. Expl. Fund. ten years later was, "There is scarcely anything definite known about the desert of the Wandering." (*Palmer in Sur. West. Palest. Spec. Papers*, p. 73.) The Bible itself, instead of clearing up problems, is the main cause for the "great discrepancies" in the reports of observers, according to Palmer. (*Desert of the Exodus* 1, 2.) The same example of this is Dr. H. Clay Trumbull's *Kadesh Barnea*, recommended by high authorities in 1884 as the standard work on the south desert and "accepted by biblical geographers as the authority on the district," right down to our own times, when Woolley and Lawrence finally showed it to be utterly "fantastic" and worse than worthless. (*PEFQ* 1914, p. 19f; *The Wilderness of Zin*, p. 71f.) As to Clarke's work on the same area, published in the *PEFQ* in 1883 (the year after Trumbull's *face*), it was so absurd that the same critics content themselves with remarking: "We will not print comments on this." (*Wilderness of Zin*, p. 73, n. 1.) In 1935 Col. Newcombe wrote, "I had several books on the subject of the Wanderings, but nearly all were written by idealistic but very inexperienced visitors; most of these books had entirely missed the truth from lack of knowledge of the country or understanding of the Beduin mind. Each seemed to exaggerate grossly his own little theory at the expense of anyone else's." (*PEFQ* 1935, p. 110-1.) Yet even if the Bible were a foolproof guide, the story of Lehi goes far beyond it. The fact "that the Pharaohs were masters of the country in the time of Joshua and the early Judges ... would not have been suspected by the readers of the Biblical narrative alone, but is one of the assured results of archaeology." (Collier, *Bible and Spade*, p. 69f.) Just so the Book of First Nephi is full of things that "would not have been

(Continued on page 828)

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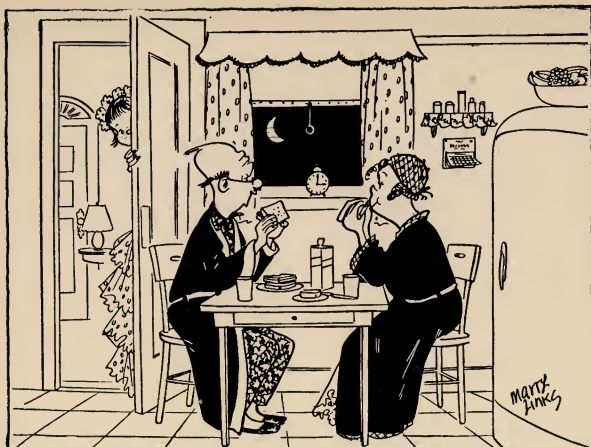
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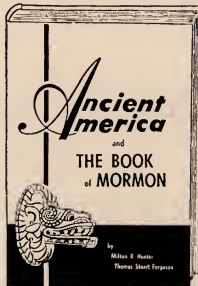


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Lehi in the Desert

(Continued from page 826)

suspected by readers of the Biblical narrative alone," and yet are now among "the assured results of archaeology." The complete and general dissemination of the experts as to what happened when Nebuchadnezzar invaded Palestine is nicely illustrated by Prof. Albright in *Jdn. Bibl. Lit.* 51 (1932), 88, 95, 97f.

³²⁴See preceding note. Doughty feels that it is necessary to correct persistent misconceptions of "Orientalism" in the western mind: the "tales of an European Orientalism" are entirely romantic and misleading (*Arabia Deserta* 1, 96); in Arabia there is "little (or nothing) of 'Orientalism.'" (*Id.* 1, 631.) "That fantastic Orientalism" (he writes in his index) "which is as it were the odour of a lady's casket, is not Arabian but foreign." Travel in the East is by no means a sure corrective to these warped views, and might even have the opposite effect, according to Ed. Meyer (*Gesch. d. Alt. 1.2.10*), for in the East in modern as in ancient times, unscrupulous guides and many other things conspire to "take in the western traveler and exploit and excite his gullibility. A present-day traveler would have a harder time than ever to duplicate the conditions of Lehi's day, for in large parts of the East "the old Bedu tradition has been shattered but nothing has taken its place." (E. Epstein in *PEFQ* 1939, p. 69.) In 1865 the Palestine Exploration Fund was founded to dispel the clouds of ignorance and misinformation that still enveloped the Holy Land. (*PEFQ* 1910, p. 192.)

Most of the area covered in 1 Nephi has never been studied, and of the south desert, a main objective of the Palestine Exploration Fund for many years, a specialist could still write in 1938: "Our study of this interesting district has only just begun." (G. E. Kirk, "Archaeological Exploration in the Southern Desert," (*PEFQ* 1938, p. 214.) "Today Arabia is still almost absolutely closed to the investigations of science," wrote Fere M. J. Lagrange, *Etudes sur les Religions Semitiques*, *Revue Biblique* X, 39. In the 1920's Cheesman, preparatory to traveling in central Arabia, "searched all sources for first-hand information without avail." (*Unknown Arabia*, p. 15.) In 1921, according to the same authority, "Nothing was known of the coast of Oquirrh, beyond that it was a bay" (*Id.* 31) and this is one of the most approachable parts of Arabia. Even Burton could write: "Of the Rub' al-Khali I have heard enough, from credible reports, to conclude that its horrid depths swarm with a large and half-starving population." (*Pilgr. to Al-Madinah*, ed. I, 3); Philb and Thomas have shown in our own day that its horrid depths do nothing of the sort, nor even have. If intelligent people have let their imaginations run wild, it has been because there was no other way of supplying missing information: "The life of the nomad patriarchs and the wanderers of Israel (and, we might add, of Lehi) in the desert present the greatest contrast with our European life," says Baldensperger (*PEFQ* 1901, p. 185), "and we cannot wonder that Colenso found in the book of Genesis so many statements which seemed to him incompatible with his own ideas." The proof of Genesis lies in the very fact that those statements are incompatible with western ideas. Conder's *Arabia*, p. 7, furnishes an interesting picture of how the best authorities regarded Arabia at the time the Book of Mormon was written: "The whole peninsula, Niebuhr says, may be considered as an immense pile of mountains, encircled with a belt of flat, arid, sandy ground," almost the exact opposite of the true picture.

³²⁵The writer is here referring to his *No Mo'at. That's Not History* (Bookcraft, 1946) and to the more basic investigations of Alma Burton of Brigham Young University. Especially, however, the reader is referred to the definitive handling of the court records by Dr. Francis V. Kirkham, *A New Witness of Christ in America* (Enlarged 2nd Edition, Zion's Publishing Company, Independence, Mo., 1947), pp. 370-394.

³²⁶Any reader possessed of boundless time and patience may discover the answers to these and hundreds of like searching questions in the foregoing articles. On one point the author has been taken to task by readers of the Book of Mormon in recent weeks:

At present the claim is being put forth in some quarters that the story of Laban's demise is absurd, if not impossible. It is said that Nephi could not have killed Laban and made his escape. Those who are familiar with night patrolling in wartime, however, will see in Nephi's tale a convincing and realistic account. In the first place, the higher critics are apparently not aware that the lighting of city streets, except for festivals, is a blessing unknown to ages other than our own. Hundreds of passages might be cited from ancient writers, classic and oriental, to show that in times gone by, the streets at night, even of the biggest cities, were very dark and hence very dangerous. To move about late at night without lamp bearers and armed guards was to risk almost certain assault, in times of social unrest we know from many sources,

(Continued on page 830)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Teen-agers in the know—



Read...



HI TALES

By ELAINE CANNON

Treating Telephone Properly Makes It Give More Satisfaction

The amusing, sharp patter of today's teen-agers is echoed in "Hi Tales," Elaine Cannon's popular column featuring fun and facts for young folk. Her interest in their enthusiasms is warm, genuine, understanding. Her approach to their problems sympathetic yet realistic.

Small wonder, then, that teen-agers "in the know" follow "Hi Tales" daily and Sunday in the *Deseret News*. It's exclusively their corner—an important corner—and one more reason that the *Deseret News* comes *First with Families in the Mountain West*.

telephone's a funny thing, it and it will not ring. SHE SETS . . . that little black gadget. Cool now, but oh what a make when on the a help she can that a hin- isn't she's us, fury out-distances hope and you haul off and kick Tel Ephone a good one. Tough life, only in his case we feel sorrier for the one. And we might just add such a temper may be just is keeping Hank from your number.

SCENE I. Hank hasn't called. He said he would hours ago. But he hasn't called. You wait and wait, torn between fury and despair. After long hours, sent a few scenes in the life of Tel Ephone.

SCENE II. The night is dull nothing to do. So phones play zee numbers are and the game trick in old are e

DESERET NEWS

Accent on Youth!



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**9200 STUDENTS LISTEN TO
THE UTAH SYMPHONY**

1500 BOYS PLAY BASEBALL

**4000 BOYS AND GIRLS
LEARN TO SWIM**

Vital statistics? Perhaps . . . yet more than that. The youth of any community must be that community's leaders tomorrow. That's why The Salt Lake Tribune sponsors such youth activities as listed above and takes such an active interest in youth.

And that's another reason why it's known as . . .

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DINING**

Be it breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, you'll find your favorite dishes prepared perfectly and served with courtesy in the popular Hotel Utah Coffee Shop. Come often.

HOTEL UTAH

Max Carpenter, Manager

Lehi in the Desert

(Continued from page 828)

that streets at night were virtually given over to the underworld, as they were in some European cities during the blackouts of the late war. The extreme narrowness of the ancient streets made their blackout doubly effective. From the ancient comedy we learn how heavily barred and closely guarded the doors of private houses had to be at night, and archaeology has shown us Eastern cities in which apparently not a single house window opened onto the public street. East and West, the inmates simply shut themselves in at night as if in a besieged fortress. Even in Shakespeare's day we see the commoners of the night watch passing through the streets at hours when all honest people are behind doors. In a word, the streets of any ancient city at night (the classic trial of Alcibiades proves this strikingly) were a perfect setting for the committing of deeds of violence without fear of detection.

It was very late when Nephi came upon Laban (1 Ne. 4:5-22); the streets were deserted and dark. Let the reader imagine what he would do if he were on patrol near an enemy headquarters during a blackout and stumbled on the unconscious form of some notoriously bloodthirsty enemy general. By the brutal code of war the enemy has no claim to a formal trial, and it is now or never. Laban was wearing armor, so the only chance of dispatching him quickly, painlessly, and safely was to cut off his head—the conventional treatment of criminals in the East, where beheading has always been by the sword, and where an executioner would be fined for failing to decapitate his victim at one clean stroke. Nephi drew the sharp, heavy weapon and stood over Laban a long time, debating his course. (1 Ne. 4:9-18.) He was a powerful man and an expert hunter: With due care such a one would do a neat job and avoid getting much blood on himself. But why should he worry about that. There was no chance of meeting any honest citizen, and in the dark no one would notice the blood anyway. What they would notice, even in the dark, would be the armor that Nephi put on. The armor, incidentally, like the sword, could be easily wiped clean. The donning of the armor was the shrewd and natural thing for Nephi to do. A number of instances from the last war could be cited to show that a spy in the enemy camp is never so safe as when he is wearing the insignia of a high military official: No one dares challenge such people (who are often touchy); their business is at all times "top secret," and their uniform gives them complete freedom to come and go unquestioned.

Nephi tells us that he was "led by the spirit." He was not taking impossible chances, but being in a tight place he followed the surest formula of those who have carried off ticklish assignments. He was clear of the town before anything was discovered. In his whole exploit there is nothing the least improbable.

(The End)

Three Appointed to Y.M.M.I.A. General Board

(Concluded from page 766)

the mission in Czechoslovakia. Besides his twelve years in the mission field, he has served four years as a member of the Parleys Ward bishopric in Salt Lake City and been active in ward Mutual work.

He and Mrs. Toronto are the parents of six children—three sons and three daughters.

Elder Toronto has been assigned to the M Men Committee of the general board.



Building L.D.S. youth ... with reverence and recreation

A balanced blend of religious education, worship and spiritualized recreation keynotes the whole youth program of the L.D.S. Church . . . and guides the selection of designs and materials used in new L.D.S. ward and stake houses. For example, walls of many amusement halls are built with Buehner-crete blocks, which absorb the sound of young voices having fun with basketball, dancing, dramatics and other activities.

A new, smooth-surface masonry unit, Hone-tex, was especially developed by Buehners to safeguard young basketball players against cuts and scratches and to provide an attractive contrast trim as shown on the wainscot in picture above. Best of all, these Hone-tex units cost only a fraction as much as other types of glazed surface materials. They are now widely used in both church and school buildings.

Look to the Buehner Companies for the newest and best in masonry units, cast stone, and other specialized concrete products.

Above: Russell Heights Ward and Stake Amusement Hall in southeast Salt Lake, designed by Cannon and Mullen, built by McKean Construction Company. Concrete masonry and cast stone by the Buehner Companies.

Right: The brilliant, enduring beauty of Buehner-crete cast stone enhances steeples, entrances, ornamental details and facings on scores of new L. D. S. churches and other buildings, including the new B. Y. U. Science Building.



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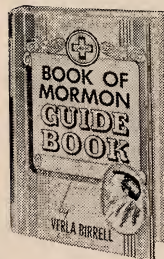
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The Korean War

(Concluded from page 770)

can soldiers killed; some 3,000 casualties included wounded and missing.

On August 1, Soviet Russia returned to the Security Council from which she had absented herself since the first of the year. Jacob Malik, the Soviet representative, appeared to take advantage of his turn at presidency of the Council for the month of August. Meantime, Ed Murrow reported from Korea that the Red radio there urged Korean unity and resistance to the "American imperialist aggressors from across the seas," and Mr. Malik's presidency revealed efforts to paint America, once proud occupant of the position as moral arbiter of the world—generations ago, as the betrayer of the aspirations of the hungry masses of Asia. Red Korean troops successively pushed American troops farther and farther down the peninsula to the port of Pusan.

The U.S., as the core representative of UN military police action, thus finds itself in the awful, responsible seat of western world power. We may remind ourselves that might when utilized must be used in a moral cause, with righteous intent, and with the capacity to mobilize the moral and spiritual forces of the world.

There is no doubt that American material, industrial strength can in time crush the North Koreans. The real issues are in the realm of morals, of spiritual and political purposes and values.

When the North Koreans are crushed, what then? How may we demonstrate to the masses of Asia, and to mankind, including the Russian masses, that 168 American boys died June 25-August 1950 for justice and freedom; not as the tools of a designing "imperialism" as the Red radio and press is telling them? This is a task for these times.

THE OTHER BREAD

By Doris Dalby White

WE feed our children vitamins

And guard with jealous care
Their proper weight and height and growth,
White teeth, fair skin, bright hair.

I sometimes think of other youth
Who walked by dusty wagon wheels,
A wild, fierce wind made their backs strong.

A burning sun scorched faith into their souls.

Their eyes looked up to God, and lo,
Could see beyond the heartbreak of the hour!

I try to put away the thought

That haunts me most with dread—

What if in our children's bodies beautiful,
Their spirits weep for bread?

Exploring the Universe

(Concluded from page 761)

planted a few inches deep would not push up to the surface through a foot of soil.

IN the month of August 1841, at Cherapunji, India, over twenty feet of rain deluged the land, of which twelve and one-half feet fell within a period of five days.

THOMISID, the South American spider, sometimes uses the carcass of an ant as a decoy in capturing ants. The spider seems to hold the ant body over its head to attract the attention of a living ant while attacking it.

THE longest bird migration flight is made by the arctic tern. It breeds in the polar regions of the northern hemisphere as far north as 82° latitude and in winter ranges from the tropical Atlantic to Antarctic oceans as far south as 66° latitude. A distance of about ten thousand miles separates the extremes of its breeding and wintering areas. The antarctic tern, a closely related species, that breeds primarily on the islands in the Antarctic Ocean, is comparatively non-migratory.

SOME plants concentrate minerals or elements from the soil to give a much greater concentration in the plant than is to be found in the soil. A unique accumulation of the metallic element germanium has been found in the lignite remains of fossil cypress in the District of Columbia. Ash of the lignite contains up to six percent germanium.

LABORATORY observations have found that several cases of athlete's foot have responded dramatically to a cream containing two percent pyribenzamine. Further laboratory tests found that di-phenyl-pyraline also possesses properties which inhibit pathogenic fungus species, and that the antihistamines have greater value than merely relieving the allergy conditions which these organisms cause.

THE best preserved Roman siphon is the Pont siphon de Garon which served Lugdunum (modern Lyon, France), built by Claudius in A. D. 50. The length of about thirty-two miles includes eleven bridges, three tunnels, and three siphons. One siphon crosses a ravine 215 feet high on arches fifty feet high. The pressure of the water in the pipe as it crosses the arches is about thirty-two pounds to each square inch.

OCTOBER 1950



What about your future in '51? Now's the time to prepare yourself for more responsibility next year — in private industry or government employment.

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MINER MIKE *says*

"Take home pay is my check I receive at the pay office every two weeks. Actually though, another 25% is deducted after I get it home because about 1/4 of my money is spent for hidden taxes on just about everything I eat, wear and buy. Hidden taxes take a big chunk out of everyone's pay check. I wonder where all of this money goes."



UTAH MINING ASSOCIATION

Melchizedek Priesthood

Presidents of Stakes and
Presidents of Missions

August 7, 1950

Dear Brethren:

As you are aware, we are again in a critical period for young men and young women of the Church now serving or soon to be called into the armed forces.

We are extremely anxious that Church leaders and members discharge their responsibility to help these young people meet the situations which now face them.

Policies and procedures governing the L.D.S. servicemen's program are set forth in the attached communications:

1. Letter from the First Presidency, dated March 10, 1947 to all stake and mission presidents.
2. Letter from the general L.D.S. servicemen's committee, dated October 28, 1948 to all stake and mission presidents and ward bishops.
3. Chart, "Responsibility of Supervision of Servicemen" outlining duties of respective Church officials and units.

These communications contain a definite program by which the Church can keep in constant touch with our young people in the service, and away at school, and one which will help them keep close to the Church.

Will you study them again and report to us as soon as possible, as follows:

- (a) What is being done in your area to communicate with the young men and women who go into the armed forces?
- (b) What is being done in your area to look after our young men and women now serving in the army, navy, air force, and coast guard installations within your boundaries?
- (c) What is being done to look after Church members employed at armed forces' establishments or other government projects located within your boundaries?

We will appreciate an early reply. The moral and spiritual welfare of our young men and women is constantly at stake.

Also, so we may have a complete list of locations where our people may be serving, please advise the names and locations of all army, air force, navy, or coast guard camps or bases now located in your area; and as any new camps or bases are established, submit the same information on them promptly.

Copies of the pamphlet, "So You Are Going Into Military Service?" and the cards for interviewing prospective servicemen, are being sent you under separate cover.

Ever praying the blessings of the Lord upon you in your great responsibility, we are

Faithfully your brethren

GENERAL L.D.S. SERVICEMEN'S
COMMITTEE

HAROLD B. LEE
MARK E. PETERSEN
BRUCE R. MCCONKIE
HUGH B. BROWN

SERVICEMEN'S COMMITTEE ALERTED

STAKE and mission presidents have been asked by the general L.D.S. servicemen's committee to check and revivify their programs for keeping in constant touch with young men and women now in or soon to enter the armed services.

Elder Harold B. Lee, of the Council of the Twelve and chairman of the committee, said:

We are now in a critical period for young people of the Church.

We are extremely anxious that Church leaders and members discharge their responsibility to help these young men meet the situations which now face them.

The servicemen's program is ideally suited to meet the situation, if all concerned do their part.

Surely, as Elder Lee also noted, if all those concerned renew their activities, none of our young people will be led astray.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

DRINKING AND WAR

THE *Clipsheet* is a fearless and able opponent of drink and the liquor traffic wherever they exist, whether in peace or war, at home or abroad. In its August 7, 1950 issue is published an informative short article relative to drinking in the armed services, which we report in the following:

This time, let's leave John Barleycorn far to the rear.

We didn't do it last time.

The policy of cooperation between the armed forces and the brewers in World War II had disastrous results. Tongues loosed by beer, wine, and whiskey probably cost us many casualties, and there is reason to believe that we barely escaped defeat, at least on two occasions—defeat which would have been because of drink.

The great number of alcoholics among veterans, the boys who went to

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

SUPERVISION OF SERVICEMEN

Responsibility of

1 General L.D.S. Servicemen's Committee	2 Stake Presidency	3 Committee of High Councilmen	4 Quorum Presidents	5 Bishops
<p>1—Will send to stake presidents cards upon which bishops are to report to general L.D.S. servicemen's committee.</p> <p>2—Will send copy of Book of Mormon, <i>Principles of Gospel</i>, and Directory to each serviceman.</p> <p>3—Will send copies of the pamphlet "So You are Going into Military Service?" for distribution by the bishops.</p> <p>4—Will receive correspondence and answer questions.</p>	<p>1—Appoint a committee of one or more high councilmen from stake Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthood committees.</p> <p>2—Request and receive monthly reports from committee of high councilmen.</p> <p>3—Obtain from general L.D.S. servicemen's committee and deliver to committee of high councilmen cards upon which information with respect to each serviceman is to be sent to the general L.D.S. servicemen's committee.</p>	<p>1—Set up system whereby prompt reports will be made to bishops and quorum presidents of names and addresses of servicemen.</p> <p>2—Obtain from stake president and deliver to bishops cards upon which bishops are to report to general L.D.S. servicemen's committee.</p> <p>3—Encourage bishops to hold interviews.</p> <p>4—Encourage bishops and quorums presidents to correspond each month with servicemen.</p> <p>5—See that ward and quorum files are currently maintained.</p> <p>6—See that bishops report to general L.D.S. servicemen's committee.</p> <p>7—See that ERAS, <i>Church Sections</i>, and tracts are sent to servicemen by quorum presidents and bishops.</p>	<p>1—Keep current a file of all quorum members in service and furnish bishops with a copy thereof.</p> <p>2—Correspond at least once a month with each serviceman from quorum, giving him news and encouraging him to live a clean life, enclosing with each letter two or three tracts, including one on Word of Wisdom and the clean life (tracts to be obtained from stake mission president and stake anti-liquor-tobacco committee chairman.)</p> <p>3—With quorum funds send each quorum member in the service:</p> <p>a. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. b. Weekly Church News Section of <i>Deseret News</i>.</p>	<p>1—Contact each boy as soon as it is learned that he intends to enter the service and (1) give him a copy of "So You Are Going Into Military Service?" and (2) interview him about:</p> <p>a—Maintenance of Church standards b—Understanding of gospel c—Arrangements for exchange of correspondence d—Attending Church organizations: (1)—Nearby branches (2)—Organized servicemen's groups e—Instruct boys how to use tracts</p> <p>2—Keep current a file of all ward boys in service.</p> <p>3—Obtain from high councilmen cards furnished by general L.D.S. servicemen's committee and in connection with each interview fill out two of them and send to said committee at 47 East South Temple, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.</p> <p>4—Correspond at least once a month with each serviceman, giving news and encouragement to live a clean life (obtain tracts from stake mission president and stake anti-liquor-tobacco committee chairman).</p> <p>5—Send (through Aaronic Priesthood quorums) THE IMPROVEMENT ERA, <i>Church News</i>, and tracts to Aaronic Priesthood and non-priesthood bearers.</p>

war from dry homes and returned drinking, the great increase in drink problems—particularly in dry areas where they had previously been almost unknown—constitute an unanswerable indictment of the policy followed in World War II.

This policy was in violation of the Act of 1901 (United States Code, Title 10, Section 1350) which provides: "The sale or dealing in beer, wine, or any intoxicating liquors by any persons in any post exchange or canteen or any transport or upon any premises used by the United States is prohibited."

The howling of the liquor traffic itself in contemplation of the Second World War liquor policy is enough to arouse the American people.

An advertisement of Charles S. Jacobowitz Company, Buffalo, New York, appearing in the *Brewers' Bulletin* OCTOBER 1950

tin, June 13, 1946, says: "Beer has come into its own, and more people have an appetite for beer today since the war, because our recruits were furnished with plenty of beer."

On October 28, 1945, Edward Kandlik declared in the *Chicago Sun*: "Some veteran brewers assert that beer consumption during the war has received greater promotional impetus than it would have received in twenty normal years. This they attribute to the fact that 10,000,000 soldiers in army camps have become accustomed to beer and that a large proportion of them will continue to be consumers in civilian life."

In June 1945, John H. Connelly, Army Exchange Service-Administrative Beer Coordinator, said: "Contrary to expectations, the amount of beer needed for the army in this country has not dropped in accordance with

the rise in the demand for overseas expected as more men were shipped abroad." Mr. Connelly also said: "Hundreds and thousands of new friends, and young friends at that, are being acquired by the brewing industry."

The Army, Navy, and Marine corps draw most heavily from the strength of the "middle income" group of the American population. From this group come most of the cadets and midshipmen at the academies. It is this group which is richest in talent and leadership qualities. To this group the substantial working people who are themselves moving up in the social organization look for leadership.

The middle-income group of America is characterized by strong sentiment against the use and general distribution of alcoholic beverages. The

(Continued on page 849)



The Presiding

PARTICIPATE IN NORTH SANPETE (UTAH) STAKE YOUTH CONFERENCE



These sixteen young men and young women served either on committees or gave addresses during an all-day youth conference of the North Sanpete Stake attended by nearly five hundred Aaronic priesthood members and girls of corresponding ages. Lee A. Palmer, extreme left, represented the Presiding Bishopric as guest speaker.

Ward Teaching

Report Meeting Is Preparation Meeting

THERE would be far less timidity on the part of many ward teachers if the monthly report meeting were held and properly conducted each month in each ward. Many teachers may be found backward because they have not been instructed by their bishopric in the report meeting on items recommended to be brought to the attention of the Saints in their homes: They feel too much "on their own."

Ward teachers are the agents of the bishopric in creating good will and fellowship, in teaching the gospel, in promoting loyalty to the Church and all it stands for in the lives of the people. Then why not make full use of this powerful force by suggesting to them matters of current necessity which should be discussed with the people.

The bishop and his counselors should be well-prepared each month to point out a few matters which the ward teachers may properly direct to the attention of the Saints. The time and the place for these suggestions to be given is in the monthly ward teachers report meeting.

It is not intended that ward teachers be made to feel dependent upon the bishopric for suggestions as to all that may be taught in the homes. But it is intended that bishops and counselors shall make better use of the ward teachers report meeting in giving needed assistance to the ward teachers who may be more willing and eager to visit their people if some suggestions are made as to what may be appropriately taught or suggested each month.

Suggestions from the bishopric each

month are the icebreakers and make the visit more to be looked forward to than to be feared, especially by the timid and the backward teacher.

Aaronic Priesthood

"Make-up" Meetings Allowed in Award Programs

SINCE the introduction of the one hundred percent seal, to be affixed to the Individual Certificate of Award for a perfect attendance record, there have been persistent requests for permission to "make up" priesthood and sacrament meetings which are not attended for one reason or another. It has been pointed out that illness, vacation periods, and other unavoidable interruptions mitigate against the boy and may prove to be a forerunner to indifference where he is not allowed to make up the meetings he has missed.

The same is true of the basic requirements for the Individual Certificate of Award: A boy may fail to earn the award where he has not been permitted to make up a few meetings during the year.

Therefore, after careful consideration, it has been decided that a boy may have the privilege of making up any and all priesthood and sacrament meetings missed for any reason during the year in his effort to earn the Individual Certificate of Award, with or without the one hundred percent seal.

This procedure extends to the boy at home almost the same privileges as are extended to the absentee who may receive full credit on his quorum roll for attendance at L.D.S. meetings while living away from home. Now the boy living at home may attend

Think it Over

SOME young men seem to move more slowly—and, at times, to make no progress whatever—in going over "fool's hill."

Perhaps some of them would reach the top and "level off" more quickly if more of us would be as kind to them as were the leaders who kept us from parking overtime on the same hill in yesteryears.

Remember?

meetings of the Church in another ward or branch in an effort to "make up" the meetings he has missed in his own ward or branch. Make-up meetings are relatively easy in city wards and especially where two wards meet at different times in the same chapel.

All make-up credits for attendance at priesthood and sacrament meetings go to assist his quorum or group in earning the standard quorum award as well as to assist him in earning the Individual Certificate of Award.

Credits may be added to the roll at any time during the year when a boy reports his attendance at meetings. For instance, a boy may miss two priesthood meetings during February and make them up in August or any other time during the year. However, when the boy reports "make-up" meetings, his "make-up" credits should be credited to the month to which they apply—February in the above instance, even though not reported until August. In no instance is a boy to receive credit for attendance at more meetings than are held in his own ward during any one month—he cannot be better than one hundred percent.

Bishoprie's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

Aaronic Priesthood

The Fall "Roundup"

THREE months remain in which to complete the work for 1950, to "roundup" the stragglers and brand them with success. What are your prospects, as of now, to have your ward, your stake, come through with its full share of the successes? No one should be without the answer to this question—surely, not the leader who delights in achievement and who is upset over failure.

Young men depend upon their leaders far more than leaders suspect. And they are hurt more, when leaders fail them, than may ever be known until the ashes of their indifference and failures are searched for the still-burning evidence which may point like a finger of flame at the leader, or leaders, who were not there to lead them and to look after them.

If the best interests of all your Aaronic Priesthood members are adequately provided for, your ward, your

stake will gather its share of the honors. But, more important, your young men will be in the collar, pulling their share of the load of activity which will build them for today and tomorrow. Give the last three months of 1950 the best try a similar period has ever received. Check each boy's record and give him help and encouragement where he is in need of your assistance. The best way to get the job done is to do your share.

Strengthening Ward Teaching

STAKE and ward leaders frequently ask, "What are some of the fundamentals of successful ward teaching?" It is impossible to include in one short article a discussion of the many factors that influence success in this program. Mentioned here are only the primary essentials.

Ward teaching, like substantial construction, depends upon a solid foundation for its support. The strength and permanence of this program are derived from the support

given by stake and ward leaders. Where stake presidencies and bishoprics vigorously promote this activity, a liberal measure of success is assured.

A good example of how successfully the program functions when leaders support it comes from Big Cottonwood (Utah) Stake. During 1949, the ward teachers of this stake visited an average of ninety-seven percent of the families. A. B. Kesler, chairman of the stake committee on ward teaching, when asked what he considered had contributed most to this outstanding accomplishment, said:

I think the success we have had in ward teaching is due to the fact that the stake presidency has been converted one hundred percent to the program. I am convinced that no stake will get any further in ward teaching than the stake presidency wills it. I am convinced, too, that any ward will get no further in ward teaching than the bishopric wills it.

In our stake, the stake presidency, high council, bishoprics, and all stake and ward officers holding the priesthood are doing ward teaching. Furthermore, they are doing one hundred percent every month.

UNION (OREGON) STAKE YOUTH FETED IN EXCURSION TO CANADIAN TEMPLE

ONE HUNDRED and twenty-six Aaronic Priesthood members and girls of corresponding ages from the Union Stake will long remember their stake presidency and bishoprics who recently made it possible for them to enjoy an excursion to the Canadian Temple located in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. The group was chaperoned by fifteen adult leaders, including Stake President and Mrs. Milan D. Smith; Melvin Westenskow of the stake presidency, and David Allred, chairman and executive chairman, respectively, of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee. Others directly charged with supervision included Pearl Bruce, Vernice Gwilliam, Mae Wilcox, Keith Nielson, and Evedard Harrison.

A special baptismal service was conducted in the temple at Cardston where 127 persons were baptized a total of 763 times for the dead. The eventful day was climaxed

by a dance where the group were the guests of the Alberta Stake.

A royal welcome awaited the group as they pulled up to the Raymond Second Ward chapel in the Taylor (Canada) Stake. They were serenaded by fifty girls who, directed by Fannie H. Walker, extended a welcome the Union youngsters will never forget. A stake fireside, attended by 677 persons, highlighted the visit to the Taylor Stake.

Other places visited during the 1500-mile trip included Hungry Horse Dam, Glacier National Park, Waterton Park, and Grand Coulee Dam.

But best of all was the good behavior of the group. President Westenskow reported on them as follows: "Wherever the group went, it was known they were Latter-day Saint youth. Their conduct was such as to leave a very favorable impression of the Church."





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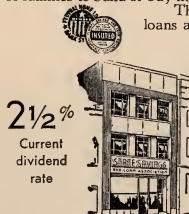
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Prayer and Inspiration

(Continued from page 795)

the middle of the night—how he went to the high priest, Eli, thinking that it was he who had called? The boy was apparently unable to distinguish between the two possible channels over which the voice might come, and naturally assumed that it was Eli who had called him. Since Samuel was the only one to hear that voice, Eli, with his greater knowledge of God's power, realized that the Lord was calling to the boy, and advised him to reply "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

It was perhaps not necessary for Eli to explain to Samuel, at the time, that he could answer "silently" within himself, and that God would hear his reply by spiritual means. For again using our illustration, it matters not whether Mr. Ego speaks through his speech microphone or silently to himself, the radio microphone will broadcast his words. This also explains the efficacy of both "spoken" and "silent" prayer, and finds support in the scriptures which tell us that God knows of our every thought. Confirmation of this viewpoint comes from Elder John A. Widtsoe:

We are taught that an influence issues from the presence of God and fills all space and all things therein, including the human body. By this means the Lord is in touch with every part and place of the universe in which he dwells. It conveys to the Lord not only the spoken words, but also the thoughts of humanity. (THE IMPROVEMENT ERA 52:31.)

Our illustration of the experiences of Mr. Ego within his sphere can be expanded yet further. It seems possible that he may have yet another and even more wonderful piece of equipment to help him through mortal life: this is a television receiver! It will perhaps be conceded that as individuals we receive picture impressions other than those which come through our eyes.

It will be remembered that on the first visit of the Angel Moroni, the boy Joseph Smith was shown the Hill Cumorah. Joseph's own words are as follows:

. . . the vision was opened to my mind that I could see the place where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew the place again when I visited it.

In connection with this happening, there is an interesting and im-

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

portant observation which lends additional weight to the reality of this concept. Joseph beheld Moroni with his natural eyes. For we are told that with the appearance of the angel: "... the room was lighter than at noonday." This is in full conformity with our beliefs, for Moroni was a resurrected being having flesh and bone. His appearance must not be confused with any picture impression, such as the view of the Hill Cumorah, which Moroni caused Joseph to receive by other means.

It is possible that the use of this wonderful piece of equipment may be involuntary, and that we have little or no control over it. There also seems to be a lack of specific instances which point to the fact that Mr. Ego might be equipped with a television transmitter—whereby he could send pictures as well as receive them. Most of us will be able to concede from the storehouse of our own experiences that we do see pictures other than those which come through the eyes.

We may never come to a full understanding of the greatness of God in this life; in fact, it would seem that the restrictive powers of the human senses, imposed by creation, point to a studied purpose in such limitation. Certainly, those faculties with which we have been endowed, if used and developed to their greatest capacity, are all that we need to honorably discharge the purposes of this life. Nevertheless, a firm understanding of the possibilities which exist outside and beyond our normally accepted sphere of perceptions should increase our respect for God and dispel fears of the unknown. It should encourage us to inquire into and increase our studies of scientific and religious matters, for science is but another word for "God's handiwork." Perhaps more than anything else, a realization of the normality and actuality of spiritual experiences may encourage us to live more in accordance with the "revealed truth" of the gospel, and to so conform our lives that we may strive to develop our God-given abilities to the maximum degree permitted us. In following such a course we must surely come to a better understanding of the purpose of this life, and so fit ourselves more completely for the experiences which lie beyond the grave.

OCTOBER 1950

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On the Bookrack

(Concluded from page 807)

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TOBACCO

(Frank Leighton Wood, M. D.
Wichita Publishing Company, Wich-
ita, Kansas. 149 pages. 1944.)

QUESTIONS about tobacco, its origin,
composition, and effects on body
and mind are here answered compre-
hensively, simply, and with scientific
accuracy. The book has been on the
market for some years, but is men-
tioned again to help those who seek to
inform themselves about the tobacco
nuisance and evil hanging over Amer-
ica to the detriment of her people.

—J. A. W.

AND GAZELLES LEAPING

(Sudhin N. Ghose. Macmillan Co.,
New York. 1949. 238 pages. \$3.50.)

NOT in a long time has anything so
delightful come across this desk.
This autobiography of an East Indian
boy introduces the reader to a strange,
new world, but in that world similar
ideals and principles hold true as for
the Western world. "Man must seek
Truth and practise Charity" holds for
all peoples in countries other than
India as do other admonitions which
are included in this unusual presenta-
tion of boyhood.

Added to the interest of the writing
is the art work done interestingly
enough in white on black, giving the
effect of wood cuts or fine etchings.

—M. C. J.

SHOESTRING THEATER

(Nancy Hartwell. Henry Holt and
Co., New York. 198 pages. \$2.50.)

OF INTEREST to girls and boys in their
teens will be this story of a group
of young people's activities in turning
a barn into a summer theater. Follow-
ing a summer filled with dramatic
adventures and hard work, they pro-
duce a fine show and justify the
town's faith in them by proving
financially successful. Of interest, too,
is the glimpse of back-stage activities
that go into a theater production.

—D. L. G.

OCTOBER TIME

By S. H. Dewhurst

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The mark of autumn's wizardry.
The sudden gold, the sudden brown . . .
And then those first leaves tumbling down.

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SAPANEIS CUCH

(Concluded from page 762)

a proficient Indian maiden named Clara, who had been born near Springville, Utah. She was extremely talented in the native crafts of tanning hides, making buckskin clothing, and beading. She made her own designs and presented her husband with an elegant buckskin suit, including gloves and moccasins beautifully beaded. To show his appreciation, Sapaneis wore it only on very special occasions. Clara also bore her husband seven children, six boys and one girl.

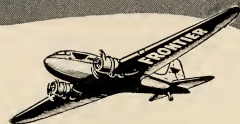
Sapaneis Cuch was a very alert and keen person. On Governor's Day at the Uintah Basin Indian Celebration one year, twelve thousand people had gathered to hear the governor speak. The governor gave an extended talk, reading almost every word, scarcely raising his eyes from his paper. Sapaneis Cuch, as the official representative of his tribe, was seated on the stand together with other officials of the state. When Sapaneis arose to his

feet to speak, he said (as interpreted by an Indian) that he could neither read nor write and therefore could make no speech from a paper, but would only be able to speak from the heart.

On January 31, 1950, Sapaneis died, nine years after the death of his beloved wife. He had requested that his five surviving sons should care for his body. They buried him in the beautiful suit which their mother had made for Sapaneis and of which he was so proud.

Two of the missionaries, Elder

Frank Morrill and Elder W. D. Morrill, and Brother Parley Goodrich were asked by the Cuch sons to be pallbearers with three others: Dan Cuch, Wallace Jack, and Ambrose Wash. The funeral was held in the Indian fashion, with Sapaneis' five sons and sister, Mamie C. Riddley, standing beside the casket, while some thirty relatives and friends made speeches praising him for his many achievements and consoling those still living. Many hundred Indians and white people gathered at the funeral of this worthy Indian. Shortly before his last illness Sapaneis was encouraged to make a recording of the loved "Indian Sunrise Prayer," which he alone of all his tribe knew. Lawrence Appahi, also prominent among his people, was the man who had Sapaneis make the record. Lawrence is now trying to get a translation of the song in English. Then his white brothers as well as the White River band of Utes, his fellow tribesmen, may benefit from this sacred song.



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COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

(Continued from page 798)

come. At any rate, as Snubby grabbed the reins, Pumper sagged onto the seat, mumbling vaguely about disrespectful kids and moping at his forehead.

The horses were running now, stretching their long legs and necks. Before them, the dusty road was all down grade. The empty water tank rattled deafeningly behind them. Winding the reins around his hands, Snubby pulled until the leather cut into his flesh. Queen's head reared back to avoid the hurt, but Bess had the bit between her teeth, and they raced on, manes and tails arched out like banners. He was worried. If he pulled too hard on one side, those horses would go in a circle, and on this hill the wagon would surely roll over. The brake! The boy kicked viciously at the brake as he'd seen Pa do, but nothing happened. He needed two hands for the job.

Snubby could see the water house and the wagons lined up waiting to be filled. Men were knotted together watching his wagon bolt forward at full speed. Why didn't someone do something?

"Whoa Bess—whoo Queen," he soothed, but the horses, the feel of the whip still alive on their backs, the rattling wagon acting like a fresh spur, raced headlong down the hill. Snubby's voice rang out. It was a brave cry, throbbing and alive. "Here we come, here we come; head us, somebody!"

What was the matter with those guys? Pa would have been out there in no time flat to grab those horses or head 'em off some way, but not one of the men made a move in his direction as the wagon rushed by. A cloud of dust hid them now, and a long straight road lay ahead. The boy turned to Pumper, white and useless on the spring seat. "Here, you take these reins, and hold 'em tight," he ordered, and the once vicious Pumper simply obeyed.

Jumping off the wagon seat and balancing carefully as the wagon lurched crazily along, he grabbed the brake handle with both hands. It was a hard pull. His arms felt wrenched out of their sockets, and the muscles tore in his arms. There was a grating sound as the brake

grabbed hold. He had to hold it, just had to! With one last mighty tug, it slipped into the notch, and Snubby turned to grab the reins. Poor Queen! Her head was pulled way back trying to get away from the bit that cut her mouth. Bess's head was lowered, and she pulled steadily, but the dead weight behind her was just too much. She faltered and lost a step. Her head raised and flecks of foam caught on the wind and sprayed Snubby. She was a game old girl, muscles straining to the very end. Slower, slower, the wagon dragged. Then it was stopped.

My, it was quiet—miles and miles, and only a buzzing bee to remind Snubby that the world still had sound in it.

In a moment the men from the water house swarmed up around him. They reminded Snubby of the chicken yard at home, all cackling and crowing at once. The boy grinned. One of the men took care of his wagon, and Judge Hardy moved his own wagon out of line to let Snubby's go ahead. There was plenty of help getting his tank filled. Oh, he could have done it alone, but it felt important to have these men wait on him, while they swapped tales about other runaways. When Snubby remembered Pumper, he was gone—and the boy was glad.

* * *

It was swell to see the house, snug in his own valley and wrapped like a Christmas package in the green poplar trees. Snubby felt like he'd been away a long time and had grown into a man in the meantime. As he neared the gate, Mom and Pa, arms linked, were waiting for him. It was good to be back. Mom was smiling, and Pa had a proud look. "I told you he could do it."

"Pa! Pa!" Snubby couldn't wait to get down from the wagon to tell of his wonderful discovery. "It was Pumper all the time! It was Pumper hit me that time up at Big Pine Lake, wasn't it?"

"What do you know about Big Pine Lake?" Pa asked, lifting him to the ground and bear-hugging him on the way.

"Go on, Snubby, what's all this about Pumper and the Lake?" Mom asked.

"Oh, now, Ma. He couldn't really remember any of our trips up there. Why Snubby, you were just a little shaver, still in three-cornered neckerchiefs—almost."

"I do! I do, too, remember! There was a little black dog and a swing under a big tree. Pumper hit my dog, and when I told him not to, he hit me."

"Why, yes, I remember that, Joe. It was the summer I bottled the twenty quarts of serviceberry jelly we liked so much. Don't you remember? Pumper worked for the boat man, doing odd jobs."

"Sure, I remember the year Pumper was up there. Jim Jennings loaned me his boat and motor, and we caught our limit of trout every morning."

"You remember the fishing, Snubby?" Mom asked. Snubby slowly shook his head. All these things were not of his world. The slap, the dog, Mom's comforting arms, and the shame when Pa called him a "boob"—these were his memories. But somehow, they were all tangled up like a jigsaw puzzle. Pa and Pumper had got all mixed up, and now they were straight, and he wasn't a boob any more. Somehow, way back, they'd all been out of step, but now they were a family again.

Mom and Pa smiled at each other over his head just like they were right pleased. "Well, I suppose we each have our own memories," Mom said.

"Come on, Son," Pa exclaimed. "How about the milkin'?"

They headed for the corral. Mom started to sing as she went to the house, and the lilt of her voice carried across the yard. The two men joined in:

Count your blessings
Name them one by one.
Count your many blessings
See what God hath done.

BEWARE!

By S. H. Dewhurst

THE frost is on the pumpkin,
Halloween is due—
And so the witches waken
To stir their evil brew!

It is the time when spirits
Take off on special whirls—
Particularly those
Of little boys and girls!

OCTOBER 1950

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

(Continued from page 793)

Certainly my parents believed as Tuba did. My parents only stayed in Moencope for a year, but while there my father planted several acres with apple seedlings which he had brought with him from Logan.

As my father advanced in years, he often expressed a desire to revisit the places he had known as a young man. Sixty years after he and my mother left Moencope, I took him back there. As we dipped

down over the canyon rim, the mud roofs of the little village came into view. The village was crowded on a shelf of the canyon wall, while beyond it, down, down in the canyon bottom, the dark, glossy green of many apple trees made vivid silhouettes on the red rock wall.

We dropped quickly down into the picturesque Indian village. There were houses of all sizes and shapes. There were plastered teepees, mud houses and rock houses. There were two-story adobe

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..... Song of the Holy Night—Wilson	1.00
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"For out of the heart..."

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

WHETHER enforced or not, there are on the statute books penalties prescribed for almost every outward act of evil. There are punishments provided for duplicity and dishonorable dealings of almost every description. But we are constantly faced with the fact that no present means of physical enforcement can prevent evil itself, so long as the offenses are first committed within the minds and hearts of men. There is no human agency that has yet devised an effective means of legislating against, or punishing, an act that does not take physical form. We may deter a man from evilspeaking, but we can't stop him from evilthinking. We may prevent him from stealing, but we can't keep him from coveting. We may keep him from committing violence, but we can't keep him from wishing he could—at least not by any legal barrier or physical force. And while we need protection from outward acts, yet beyond this, and basic to it, we need protection from wrong thinking, from false motives, from evil intent, from false philosophies; we need protection from what happens in the hearts and minds of men. "For out of the heart," said the Savior, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: These are the things which defile a man. . . ."¹ And the real safety of civilization, the real measure of goodness is not whether or not we can enforce the laws against outward acts but whether or not men are fit company in their own solitude. Strength and peace and abiding happiness have their source inside where thoughts are born and where deeds take shape. And what this world needs is for truth to touch the minds and hearts of men—the truth that shall make men free—free from false thinking, free from false philosophies. In short, if a man can't think straight, there can be no assurance that he can live straight. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he . . ."²—and so is the world he lives in.

¹Matthew 15:19-20.
²Proverbs 23:7.

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CASTING SYSTEM, AUGUST 13, 1950

structures backed against the wall, with only an entrance on the second floor which was reached by means of a ladder.

I brought the car to a stop when we reached the middle of town. Indians appeared from everywhere and surrounded us. My father spoke their language and soon discovered several old acquaintances who greeted him warmly.

He asked if any of Tuba's children were living and was told that his son was down in the canyon

after a load of corn and would soon return.

The Indians showed us the bin where Tuba had stored his corn during the famine when the corn never gave out. It was of stone and looked as if it might stand forever, a monument to this great Lamanite.

Then Tuba's son appeared with his load of corn.

"Are you Tuba's son?" asked my father, stepping to the wagon. The Indian seemed to divine my father's

identity, for without hesitation he asked, "You?" (He used the Indian name which Tuba had bestowed upon Father.)

"That's what they called me," nodded Father.

The Indian's face lighted with joy. Jumping from the wagon, he literally "fell upon" Father, so great was his happiness at seeing his own father's revered friend.

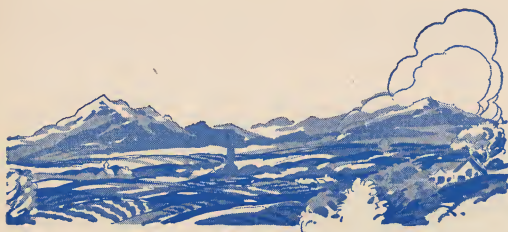
We learned that the orchard was now divided among the tribe, each family having a certain number of trees.

As we prepared to depart, a squaw who had been standing nearby spoke.

"You wait," she commanded. Quickly she ran down the trail to the orchard. In a short time she returned carrying a basket filled with rosy apples. Proudly she gave them to Father.

"You plant 'em," she said. "I raise 'em. You have 'em."

I never saw Father happier than he was afterward. And those apples were good. I know, for I ate my share.

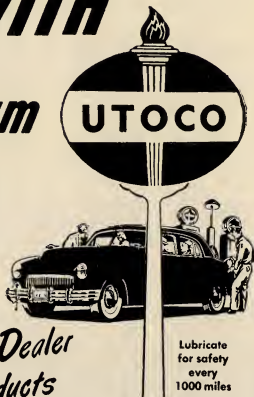


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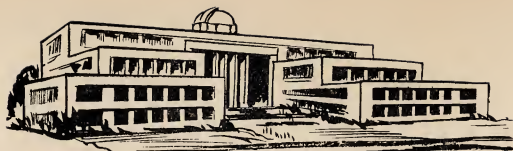


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Church Welfare in Action

(Continued from page 786)

found its way into the hearts and hands of members in Europe.

One of these packages, bearing the name of President J. Melvin Toone, came into the hands of a young elder named Jan Schut of Apeldoorn, Holland, who with his wife and three children had survived the ravages of war. In the Schuts' hearts burned the hope, as it has in thousands before them, that someday, somehow, they could come to Zion. With this hope in mind Jan wrote to President Toone who, after some investigation and with the approval of the stake welfare committee, set the legal processes in motion that would bring Brother Schut and his family to America. In April 1948 they arrived, to be welcomed by President Toone and his family, together with the entire stake.

Just a few days passed until Jan was busy working at his trade as a carpenter on the stake storehouse, working for the program that had worked for him and his family.

Tangible evidences that it does these things can be seen on welfare acres in the Minidoka Stake where stands an up-to-the-minute storehouse, with storeroom, walk-in box, Relief Society sewing room, and cedar-lined closet filled with clothing and bedding. On the same acres there is a granary with wheat, a yard of coal, a barn and corral with two cows and calves, and hay to feed them until another harvest. Added this year was a chicken coop for five hundred chickens, a small home, cellar, garage, and garden spot.

Seven of the ten wards of Minidoka Stake own and operate their own farms, and the remainder are renting farms until they can purchase their own. The stake owns an eighty-acre farm in the best section of the county, and it also has a sawmill standing ready at Heyburn.

Less apparent but perhaps more important are the accomplishments of the program which are written in the successes of a good number of brethren who have been and are being rehabilitated in business and on their own farms. There is also written in every heart a sincere appreciation of the program of those who have participated either by receiving or giving to the work. They

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feel that they have kept faith with those who brought forth this glorious work in our day. It is also written in the numerous works done by the brethren of the priesthood and the Relief Society sisters in helping their unfortunate members and their families. Bits of it have gone with each package to Europe and the numerous commodities sent to the general committee to be distributed wherever needed. It is told in the testimony of Jan Schut, who has found a happy home in Zion.

President Toone has now been succeeded by Davis Green, who is also seeing that the Church welfare program moves forward.

The Minidoka Stake does not take this glory unto itself but gives it to the Lord, for it is his work, its accomplishments but a manifestation of his willingness to bless those who love and work for him. Minidoka Stake has been especially blessed because her leaders have had vision, and her members have followed the counsel of the Church leaders and put the welfare program into operation.

Priceless

(Continued from page 787)

zar, was born in Spain in 1416 (Brother Eufemio Salazar's eleventh great grandfather).

These sheets have already been sent to the Index Bureau, and the baptisms are now ready for the other temple ordinances. What a marvelous achievement, but it took patience, perseverance, and research.

It was during the noon hour, between two sessions of conference, that Sister Maria Gomez Plata paused to discuss her family genealogy. After telling of the difficulty she had encountered in trying to get an answer to her letters, written to the priest in Mexico and to distant relatives, she finally said she guessed she would have to give up, for she did not have any more information on her parents' line. Questions of various types were asked, with no results. Finally, she was asked if she did not have any birth certificates on any member of her father's family, and her face lighted up as she opened her purse and replied, "I have three certificates right here with me." Even

(Continued on following page)

In the Improvement Era

Iran—The Powder Keg

What is happening in Iran? The eyes of the world are centered there. Dr. George Stewart, veteran government expert and prominent churchman, writes in this issue on "Iran, Father of the Middle East". Dr. Stewart is now in Iran.

Brigham Young University

In 1875 President Brigham Young established the school which bears his name. This issue salutes the "Y" on its seventy-fifth birthday and in its period of greatest growth and expansion.

Who Is President of the "Twelve"?

When a vacancy occurs who succeeds to the Presidency of the Council of the Twelve Apostles? Why? Is the present procedure a precedent only? Is it directed by revelation? Read Dr. John A. Widsoe's authoritative discussion of this very timely topic in the regular ERA department, *Evidences and Reconciliations* in this issue. A similar topic of Church-wide interest is discussed each month.

More Religious Reading

One of the serious problems of the day both in and out of the Church is the lack of religious reading. The Bible, read regularly in pioneer homes, now gathers dust while the more "modern" literature is read. It is difficult to retain faith and testimony at desirable levels when little or no religious reading is done. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA has undertaken a campaign to arouse interest in more religious reading. In its own pages an effort is being made to lead readers to return to the Bible, Book of Mormon and other Church publications. There never has been a time in world history when religious reading was more desirable and necessary.

What Is Youth Reading?

One of the factors influencing character and behavior in youth is the type of material being read. A new flood of "trash" magazines has come onto the market and others are said to be in preparation. THE IMPROVEMENT ERA is making a special appeal to youth. Through stories and feature articles by our best writers and editorial material an effort is being made to direct the reading of young people into proper channels and away from the light, frothy, trashy material, much of it highly objectionable and some of it actually vicious that floods newsstands today! Watch the ERA in the months ahead for the many attractive features planned especially for young people.

Lehi in the Desert

In this issue Dr. Hugh Nibley concludes his notable series of articles dealing with the beginning of the record found in the Book of Mormon. This last article is masterly and intensely interesting. Read it. For better understanding of this widely-read record "the American Testament" look up your late issues of the ERA and follow Dr. Nibley in his searching study of the life of Father Lehi in the old world.

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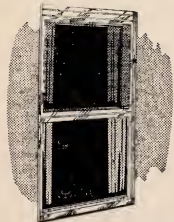
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PRICELESS

(Continued from preceding page)

Sister Plata did not know exactly why she put those three certificates in her purse that morning before getting into the car with her husband to drive some fifty miles to conference in Fresno, California. Brother and Sister Plata are the parents of seventeen children. Last year fourteen of the seventeen children were sealed to them during the Arizona temple excursion in October, and since that time they have

been very much interested in doing the work for their kindred dead.

The branch genealogy book was available, and family group sheets were immediately started there in the chapel. It was as if a vision had passed before her eyes as three manuscripts she had carried in her purse were read. They gave not only the information on the person in question, but gave also names of the parents and other information for two generations.

The Strategy of Truth

BY RICHARD L. EVANS

THERE is an old word often used to describe the means by which men pursue their purposes. The word is "strategy." We hear of the strategy of arriving at all manner of objectives—sometimes by deception. But the most effective strategy is "the strategy of truth," and there is no other strategy that can consistently withstand it. The strategy of falsehood, so widely used in the world, has one great weakness which always ultimately causes its collapse. Its fatal weakness is that every falsehood must continually be explained by other falsehoods. If any man or any group of men set about to establish one lie they must quickly fabricate other lies to support it, and more and more lies insatiably demand more and more lies; and soon the whole pattern becomes so complex that discrepancies appear faster than explanations can be made, and the whole false fabric falls with its own weight. With all of the confusion of purpose and counter purpose and of opinion and counter opinion that there is, the question is often asked, "What can we believe?" There is only one answer: the only thing we can believe is truth. No generation of people can afford to believe anything which does not check with all of the confirmed facts and figures, and with all of the laws and realities of the universe—and any man or any generation of men who want to protect themselves against ultimate breakdown must lay their plans upon the strategy of truth. There never was and never will be any man or any combination of men smart enough to support any falsehood permanently, no matter how well conceived the strategy or how ingeniously falsehood is supported with further falsehood. The strategy of truth is the only strategy that may be permanently built upon. And for safety and strength, for peace and progress, and for salvation itself, men must demand and expect, receive and accept truth—and be ever prepared to face facts. There is no safety or assurance in any other direction.

"The Spoken Word"

FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
PRESENTED OVER KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, AUGUST 20, 1950

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The marriage certificate of Sister Plata's parents was especially interesting and enlightening. It gave the following information: Luis Gomez and Margarita Blanco (her parents) were married on 5 Oct. 1890. The groom was twenty-one years old, and the bride was twenty-four. His father was C. Leonardo Gomez and was seventy years old at the time of the marriage. His mother's name was Dominga Balboa, and she was fifty-seven at that time. His paternal grandparents were Don Albino Gomez and Doña Josefa Reyes, both dead, the certificate said.

Also, on this same marriage certificate was the information of the wife, Margarita Blanco, who was the mother of Sister Gomez. She was the daughter of Pedro Blanco and Juliana Martinez. The father was fifty-six years old at the time of his daughter's marriage, and the mother was fifty-four. The certificate stated that Margarita Blanco's grandparents on the paternal side were Santiago Blanco and Maria Isabel Perez and that they were both dead; also, that her maternal grandparents were Antonio Martinez and Paula Tijerina and that they were both dead also.

Family group sheets have been sent to the Index Bureau to enable Sister Plata to do the temple work for even her great-grandparents who were born in the 1780's and 1790's.

Not all marriage or birth certificates give as much information as these three did, but they are all of value to our Mexican people and not merely for securing passports for crossing the international border. Naturally, there is some expense attached to securing legal certificates, but who wouldn't be willing to spend a few dollars to open the doors for the entrance of a loved one into the Church?

Keep those legal birth, marriage, and death certificates, and then refer to them when compiling genealogical statistics. They are priceless!

No-Liquor-Tobacco

(Continued from page 835)

majority of middle-income group people are not willing that their sons, at the most critical age, shall be subjected to pressure which may cause

(Concluded on following page)

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NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Concluded from preceding page)

them to form habits prejudicial to their prospects in life. The "compulsions of environment" in the Army, Navy, and Marine corps, should promote ABSTINENCE, not drinking, which may lead to drunkenness, violent crime, and alcoholism.

We do not question that the policy of selling beer in the armed services during the recent war was well intended. However, it served to introduce many thousands of young men to the drinking custom, and experience has demonstrated that it was a tragic blunder.

We are at war with the communists in Korea. Chinese communists indicate their intention to attack Formosa, which we have forbidden to them. Other assaults upon free people of the world may be contemplated. How long this process will be permitted to continue without fundamental consideration of its point of origin, no one knows. What we do know is that we need to collect all of our power, purge the land of waste and wickedness, and prepare to defend the things which make life worth while.

THE WCTU PROPOSES ACTION

From *The National Voice*, August 3, 1950 we learn that a wartime drive for prohibition was seen in Washington. The recent pronouncement of the WCTU called for the banning of liquor around military posts, and observers said it foretold the introduction of a bill in Congress to bring this to pass.

The first announcement came from Evanston, Illinois, the headquarters of the WCTU, and said the ban on liquor in areas adjacent to camps must be put into effect immediately "in view of the draft and the increasing enlistments of teenagers."

Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, head of the organization, said in a statement:

"Our boys are entitled to protection from politicians and brass hats who seem to think that booze, immorality, and gambling are essential to military morale."

Mrs. Colvin said mothers and wives of the nation's fighting men want assurance they "will be led by sober officers and that they will not come home with the drink habit as so many did after the last war."

Condoned drinking in the last war, she said, "resulted in the greatest number of drunkards and alcoholics among veterans in history."

Certainly no violation of the Act of 1901 referred to in the *Clipsheet* article should be permitted.

THE GREAT SILENCE

The most disturbing thing in connection with the alcohol problem in this country is that many of the responsible leaders are struck dumb, not to say petrified, with fear, whenever they come face to face with the problem.

How else can you explain the fact they will discuss at great length, vital social, economic, and political problems which are inextricably entwined with the problem of alcohol, and yet not mention whiskey, wine, or beer, not even to the extent of a word?

Take the matter of safety on the highway: Approximately one-fourth of all the fatalities on the highways are due to drinking on the part of a driver or pedestrian, and yet we can name men in places of high responsibility who will discuss that problem on occasions of national importance and not even hint that they are aware liquor is involved in any way or to any extent. The cold truth is that whiskey, wine, and beer are responsible for approximately eight thousand deaths on the highways each year.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation reports indicate a thirty-two percent increase in crime since repeal, and yet we doubt that there are a million people in the country who know this; untold numbers of them think that repeal put an end to a terrible saturnalia of crime.

How many people are aware that there has been a fifty-two percent increase in women sentenced to Federal prisons since national prohibition passed from the scene?

How many American citizens are aware that there was an astounding two hundred and seventy-two percent increase in the number of dependent children from 1933 to 1947?

We can understand the wet politicians—the liquor traffic is contributing heavily to their campaigns; that explains that.

The fact remains that there has been a great deal of neglect in other quarters or the people would be better informed as to a matter which constitutes a serious national weakness in a time of world emergency.

We are inclined to give the press a reasonably clean bill of health. There is no overlooking the fact that the reportorial treatment of what is going on in our great cities in connection with liquor deserves a "B+," if not an "A."

We just call it "The Great Silence," and let it go at that. (*Clipsheet* 7/10/50.)

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THAT MASTER TEACHER

PRESIDENT Heber J. Grant often related an experience of Dr. Karl G. Maeser. Brother Maeser told how a poor widow had come to him with her son. She announced that this was her only son, that she had gone out washing to save the necessary money to send him to Brigham Young Academy because she had heard that Brother Maeser was able to reform wayward boys. She told Brother Maeser that she could not handle the boy, and that the bishop and his counselors could do nothing with him and that they all looked upon him as a bad boy.

The boy started school and was soon in trouble. Brother Maeser told how he violated all the rules of the school. The teachers could do nothing with him, and his influence was bad in the school. Brother Maeser hesitated about expelling him because he thought of that poor widow who had gone out washing in order that her only son might go to school; so he put up with this careless, wayward boy until he could stand it no longer. Then he finally expelled him from school.

The next morning at eight o'clock, as soon as Brother Maeser had reached his office, there was a knock at the door. When he opened the door, there stood this boy. Brother Maeser said that when he looked at the boy and thought of all the trouble he had caused in the school, he felt "just like hitting him, right between the eyes." That was his first thought with reference to the boy who had been expelled the day before.

The boy said: "Brother Maeser, give me just one more chance."

Brother Maeser said: "I stood there paralyzed to think that boy would ask for another chance. He did not think I would give him another chance; and he said: 'Brother Maeser, Brother Maeser—give me one more chance.'"

Brother Maeser's voice broke, as he rushed into the extended, pleading arms of the boy and embraced him and kissed him, and promised him a hundred chances.

"Now," said Brother Maeser, "what do you think—that boy is a bishop's counselor in the very town where once he was a spoiled egg!"

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BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY IN RETROSPECT

(Continued from page 778)

that the school made the gradual transition from an academy to a university. He proved to be a capable mediator in effecting harmony between the academic ideals of higher education and the religious goals of the university. He continually stressed the fact that the primary purpose of the school was to make better Latter-day Saints. He interpreted this with a deep insight as to its fundamental moral

and spiritual implications. Thus his administration continued the great moral and religious traditions laid down by Dr. Maeser and also furthered the university ideal of President Cluff.

Progress toward higher educational standards was furthered by the introduction of work on the graduate level and the giving of the master's degree. The college department, which had been called the Church Teacher's College, was

Of Human Jealousy

BY RICHARD L EVANS

IF we were to list the things that make men most miserable, we should surely have to place jealousy well toward the top. Jealousy has played a prominent part in many, if not most, human heartaches, and it is so closely associated with some other evils that it is sometimes difficult to separate. It is a first cousin of envy, which in turn is close kin to covetousness, and all of them keep company with hate and bitterness. Jealousy is often the prime motive around which the plots of fiction revolve. It is also seemingly an inseparable part of the drama of real life, of which fiction is but a reflection. Jealousy is perhaps as old as human nature itself, and even the war in the heavens would seem to offer evidence that Lucifer was jealous of the power and position of someone else—and the pattern has since repeated itself altogether too many times. There are some specific things we should know about jealousy before we permit it to play a part in our own lives. One is that to give way to it is virtually to concede inferiority. It seems probable that a person wouldn't be jealous of another person if he felt adequate himself, and an admission of jealousy is often therefore an admission of a feeling of inferiority. Jealousy is both a cause and a symptom of lack of trust. Too often it enters even into the family circle and is not reserved for strangers alone. Another thing we must remember about jealousy is that its most certain victim is the one who gives way to it. It is true that many innocent lives have been adversely affected by it, but it is also true that no one who harbors it within his own heart has ever himself escaped its ill effects. And the jealousy of others toward us, disturbing as it is, is not nearly so damaging as the jealousy that is generated within us and directed toward others. It is self-inflicted punishment, a destroyer of love, an enemy of inner peace. One of the sincerely satisfying conquests of life is the overcoming of jealousy. He who has cast it out is blessed beyond most men.

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departments were noteworthy for
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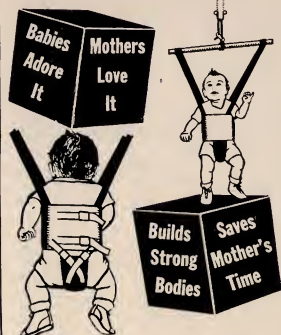
An active building program
brought about the erection of the
women's gymnasium and the arts
building on the lower campus, and
the Maeser Memorial Building on
the upper campus. The latter area
had been known as Temple Hill
but was later purchased and re-
named University Hill. Its large
area and scenic possibilities were
vital, contributing factors in the
future development of the univer-
sity. These projects and the oper-
ation of the school brought about
some perplexing financial difficul-
ties. However, through the gener-
ous support of Jesse Knight and
other loyal friends, these obliga-
tions were successfully met. School
spirit was furthered by organizing
the students into a student body
association, the beginning of a
school yearbook, *The Banyan*, and
placing the huge white Y on the
mountainside east of Provo.

When Dr. Franklin S. Harris be-
came president on July 1, 1921, the
school secured a leader who had
already gained national distinction
as a research scientist and admin-
istrator at Utah State Agricultural
College. He had been educated at
Brigham Young University and se-
cured his doctorate at Cornell. He
was a scientist and administrator
who loved his Church and faculty
and was intensely loyal to both. He
had a rare vision of the future pos-
sibilities of the university, with the
patience, tact, and arduous industry
to accomplish its fulfillment.

His administration of twenty-
four years was marked by a
versatile and dynamic develop-
ment of the school. Academic gains
of great significance were made,
while those in the social, cultural,
and religious areas were commensurate. The university was orga-
nized into five colleges: applied sci-
ences, arts and sciences, commerce,
education, fine arts, and the division
of religion.

Dr. Harris' love of research and

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HALL'S REMEDY

Salt Lake City, Utah

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY IN RETROSPECT

(Continued from preceding page)

higher education resulted in the founding of the graduate school and the research division of the university. He greatly increased the size and quality of both library and faculty according to current academic standards. The number of graduates who studied for higher degrees increased immensely. Many of them secured graduate scholarships in the nation's leading universities and greatly enhanced the reputation of the university by their excellent work. Rapid progress was especially prominent in the sciences as the departments in this area were greatly strengthened in faculty personnel and equipment. On account of these academic achievements, the school became a fully accredited university through membership in the leading college and university associations of the nation.

President Harris also stressed other fields of educational experience. He gave vigorous support to religion, the fine arts, student social activities, extension work, adult education, commerce, and the school of education. His introduction of an extension division and leadership week was most influential in extending the university's influence to friends and patrons of distant areas. The religious spirit and instruction of the institution were made especially effective by the establishment of a more integrated and professional division of religion. Also highly effective were the exceptionally fine devotional services, student religious organizations such as a Sunday School, M. I. A., and the religious fraternity of Lambda Delta Sigma.

During his administration many important and beautiful buildings were added to the campus: Heber J. Grant library, the Brimhall biological science building, the Joseph Smith building, dormitories, a stadium, and a stadium house. The purchase of extensive land tracts adjacent to University Hill secured room for future campus development. The upper campus was transformed by artistic landscaping from a barren place of weeds and stones into a lovely university setting.

Dr. Howard S. McDonald, who

succeeded President Harris in 1945, was graduated from Utah State Agricultural College and secured his doctorate from the University of California. He was a school administrator of wide experience in the San Francisco and Salt Lake City Schools. He proved himself to be a most vigorous, resourceful, and able administrator in coping with the many problems which perplexed the university at the end of World War II when thousands of returning war veterans found the current university facilities and housing quite inadequate. The increases in enrollment continued until his retirement in the autumn of 1949, when 4900 students were registered. During this period the size of the faculty was increased, and needed buildings were added. The construction of classroom and administrative buildings, dormitories, and a magnificent new science building caused a small city to spread over the upper campus. A more comprehensive counseling service for vocational and educational guidance of students was inaugurated. A medical and hospital insurance plan was organized around a medical center which has secured great benefits to the students at a nominal cost. A campus branch of the Church was established to give the students more experience in religious leadership and activity.

Dr. Christen Jensen, who has been acting president on two different occasions, 1939-40 and 1949-50, is a distinguished scholar and administrator. His graduate work at Harvard and the University of Chicago, his experience as head of the history and political science department and as dean of the graduate school have given him a rich and versatile academic and administrative background. His keen understanding, impartial judgment, his modesty, and administrative efficiency have won the high regard and respect of his faculty colleagues as well as the Authorities of the Church.

The university has kept faith with its founders in its double emphasis upon religion and intelligence. The effectiveness of the former is attested by the testimonies

of many missionaries, bishops, stake presidents, and General Authorities of the Church who have partaken of its spirit. Love and brotherhood, which are essentials of the gospel of Jesus Christ, prevail upon its campus. It is known as "the friendly school." This is productive of a rich and wholesome social life wherein many lasting friendships and happy marriages are frequent results.

The university is still faithful to the academic ideals of its great teachers and scholars. Many of its graduates have become highly successful businessmen, doctors, lawyers, and farmers. Numerous colleges and universities throughout the nation have its graduates on their faculties. It has become one of the outstanding teacher colleges in the west through its training of able and competent teachers. The achievements of its able scientists have induced the Church to build a science building which is a credit to any university. It has a faculty of scholars and educators which is unique in fraternal brotherhood and interest in religion. Much of the success of the school has been due to its loyal cooperation and zeal for high scholarship.

Thus, from the achievements and efforts of the Church founders, presidents, faculty, and students of the university, ideals and traditions have become a collective force in what is known as the "spirit of the 'Y'." This spirit has to be experienced in order to be evaluated. But all who have enjoyed its inspiring influence feel that the sacrifices and means expended for the growth of Brigham Young University have paid the richest of dividends in richer human living.

We Salute and Congratulate

The far-sighted Leaders of the

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

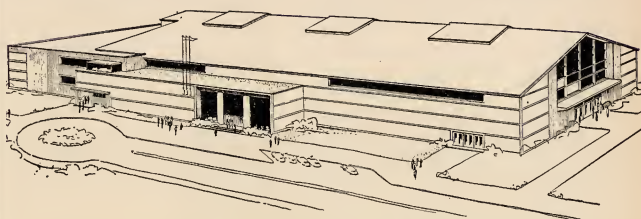
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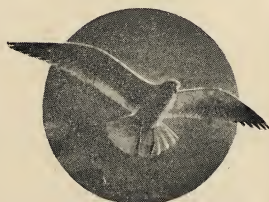
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Your Page AND OURS

Dear Editors:

I FEEL honored to add to such a magazine, and also grateful to my Heavenly Father for any talent with which I might be blessed.

My greatest desire is to so live that I might in a small way be a guide to young people. I hope I can in the future write something again that can perhaps lend a little help or encouragement to any who might read it.

Sincerely,
Sadie H. Greenhalgh

Billings, Montana

Dear Editors:

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA has always been an inspiration and comfort to me. For the last several months my legs have been paralyzed, so I cannot work. During this time THE IMPROVEMENT ERA has been one of my greatest companions.

I was very much interested in an article in the June 1950 issue entitled, "Never Give Up" by Emilie C. P. Jordan.

As ever,
J. Darrel Peterson

Mesa, Arizona

Dear Editors:

I HAVE really enjoyed the ERA more since I came to Mesa than ever before. It is something to look forward to each month. The conference number is always so inspiring. To be able to read the message from our leaders is a wonderful opportunity. I have read them all. In the December number I enjoyed so much reading about the general Sunday School Superintendency, President Smith's message, My Testimony, the fine article by President Clark, Sister Goddard's lovely Apron Strings, and, of course, The Spoken Word and editorials are always a big thing to look forward to. All in all, the ERAS have been real gems. Any one of the articles read has been worth the price of the entire year.

(s) Enid Horsley

Nephi, Utah

THE LIGHT TOUCH

Prepared

Small boy to father: "Here's my report card. And say, Dad, here's one of your old ones I found in the attic."

Must Be Good

A couple coming out of a movie theater discovered an enormous waiting line, and the astonished wife said:

"We must have seen a good picture!"

Every Day In Every Way

Miserable-looking woman riding horseback through the barren desert: "It is a wonderful vacation and I am enjoying it. It is a wonderful vacation and I am enjoying it. IT IS A WONDERFUL. . ."

On the Job

An office manager was asking a girl applicant if she had any unusual talents. She said she had won several prizes in crossword-puzzle and slogan-writing contests.

"Sounds good," the manager told her, "but we want somebody who will be smart during office hours."

"Oh," said the girl, "this was during office hours."

What It Seems

A recent ad stated: "It took twelve thousand workers to put that bottle of milk at your door."

"Yes, it sounded as if it did."

BEEHIVE GIRLS AND LEADERS AT BIG BEAR LAKE

Seventy-two Bee Hive Girls of the Long Beach (California) Stake spent an enjoyable week of swimming, hiking, and horseback riding at the Sa-Ha-Le lodge at Big Bear Lake recently.

Sunday School was held out under the big pines, and that evening a testimony meeting convened before a large campfire. Francis M. Zimmer-

man of the stake presidency, Howard Millett of the stake high council, and Dorothy Barnes and Kay Sheldon of the stake Y.W.M.I.A. presidency were in attendance.

Olive Grant and Lila Revo, the stake Bee Hive leaders, were in charge of the gathering.

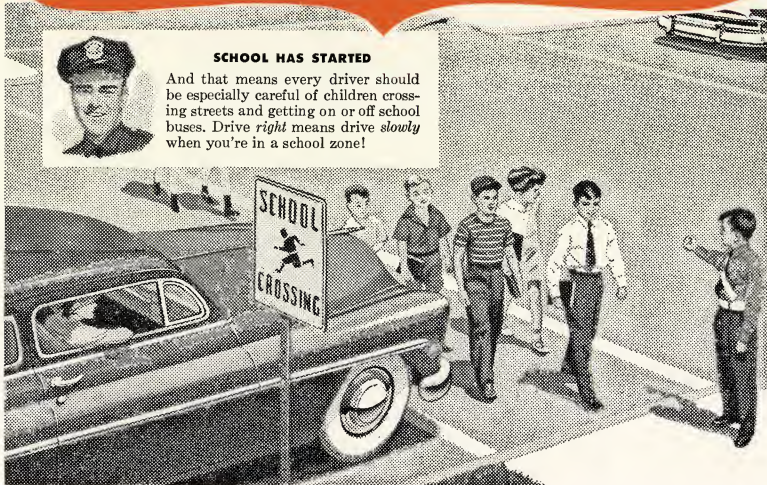


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SAFETY RULES:

- Obey speed limits.
- Respect the rights of other motorists.
- Stay in line on the right side of the road when your view ahead is not clear.
- Obey stop signals and signs.
- Use proper arm signals.
- If you have an accident, notify police.
- Keep your car in good condition. Use dependable fuel and lubricants.
- When you are at the wheel, devote all your attention to your driving!

LUBRICATE FOR SAFETY EVERY 1000 MILES

Beside the Still Waters

The peaceful Indian Summer that precedes the furies of winter seems an especially good time for meditation . . . for evaluating past achievements and envisioning future goals.

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